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SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 34.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1832.

PIGEON-HOLE GLEANINGS.

Our selections, this week, are of such a character generally, that a casual reader might not be aware that ours was "*a Sporting Paper,*"—devoted especially to the sports of the Turf, to Hunting, Angling, &c. though they most of them have relation to the enlivening scenes or humorous incidents of Real Life. Indeed, we find but few articles connected with the animating sports and amusements of our own country, abounding in that spirit and raciness of style and description which would interest or entertain our friends, should we transfer them to our sheet:—though were we of the opinion, (which we are not,) that tame and meagre details of extraordinary hunts and dull fishing excursions would ever be read, we could easily fill our columns with such stale matters to overflowing.

In clearing a "Pigeon-hole" appropriated to articles coming within the scope and design of our paper, which we occasionally meet with in our miscellaneous reading, we find the following clever "Odds and Ends," which will not be found unworthy a perusal.

THE EAGLE AND PIKE.—Eagles, which are very numerous in Scandinavia, are in the habit of pouncing upon the pike when basking near the surface of the water, and are frequently worsted in the conflict which ensues. In an instance of the fact witnessed by Capt. Eurenius, when the eagle first seized the pike, he was enabled to lift him a short distance into the air; but the weight of the fish, together with its struggles, soon carried them back again to the water, under which for a while they both disappeared: presently, however, the eagle again came to the surface, uttering at the same time the most piercing cries, and making apparently every endeavor to extricate his talons; but all was in vain; and, after a great deal of struggling, he was finally carried under the water. Capt. Eurenius said, moreover, that pikes were occasionally taken alive with only the legs and talons of the eagles attached to their backs, the bodies of the birds having previously decayed.—*Lloyd's Field Sports.*

WOLF HUNTING.—Wolves are very partial to a pig. My plan of proceeding, therefore, was this: I caused one of these animals, of a small size, to be sewed up in a sack, with the exception of his head, which was placed in my sledge. To the back of this vehicle I fastened a rope of about fifty feet in length, to the extreme end of which was attached a small bundle of straw, covered with a black sheepskin; this, when the sledge was in motion, dangled about in such a manner as to be a good representation of the pig. Thus prepared, I drove in the night time through such districts as were known to be frequented by wolves. To attract these animals towards us, we kept occasionally pinching the poor pig; who, not liking this treatment, made the forest ring again with his squeaks. This plan of shooting wolves with the assistance of a pig is not very unfrequently resorted to in Scandinavia when the weather is severe. If those dangerous animals happen to hear the cries of the pig, it is said, they almost always approach immediately near to the sledge, when it is not, of course, difficult to kill them.—*Ib.*

BEAR HUNTING IN SWEDEN.—The most usual method of destroying bears is by "skalling" and "ringing." In the former, the inhabitants of a whole, or of several districts, assemble to the amount of several hundreds, or even thousands, enclose the animals in an area, and gradually contracting it, drive them to a given point, where they are shot without difficulty. These "skalls" are under the superintendence of an experienced huntsman. In ringing a bear, which can only be done when the snow is on the ground, his footsteps are traced till they leave crooked and irregular marks, when it is known he is about to lie down. From this point a ring is commenced, which, if completed without again meeting the track, it is certain that the animal is within it. The bear becomes the property of the man who rings it; and to attack or disturb an animal thus ringed is a punishable offence.—*Ib.*

SPORTING SOCIETY.—A new society is on the point of being established in Paris, the nature and details of which will cause a smile in this country. Its object is, to provide the cockneys of Paris with the "appliances and means" of sporting without the usual trouble of seeking for them. The following are some of the details:—An immense park has been, or is to be taken, at Courbevoie, about four miles from the capital, which is supplied with preserves capable of furnishing at least 300,000 head of game annually. Subscribers of 120 francs a year, are to have the right of shooting daily during the season; or any one may shoot a single day on paying the sum of four francs. These subscriptions however, are not to entitle the party to take away the game they may shoot, unless they choose to pay in addition, one franc for every rabbit, one franc and a half for a partridge, three francs for a hare, six francs for a pheasant, fifteen francs for a fox, thirty francs for a fawn, fifty francs for a wild boar or a buck, &c. But if the party killing any of these respectively does not choose to pay the above prices for taking them away, the Society itself will pay him half the said prices respectively, for leaving them. On fixed days, there will also be grand hunts arranged, in which subscribers only can participate on paying an extra sum.—*Ib.*

IMPROVING GUN BARRELS.—Some of the Swedish peasantry are so superstitious as to go twenty or thirty miles to find out a spring which runs to the north, in order to let the spring water run through the gun-barrel, while in the meantime they say, "Shoot west—shoot east—shoot south—shoot north," when the cure is effected. It is also considered a good cure for a gun that does not kill, to put a serpent into the barrel, and shoot it out; whence, it has happened that many barrels have been burst. Several other such fooleries might be mentioned. The peasantry in general believe in witchcraft, and that a good and lucky sportsman can shoot as much as he wishes, and call to him beast and bird, as soon as he had attained to that degree that he has become acquainted with the Lady of the Wood.—*Ib.*

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A HUNTING TIGER AND A STAG.—The following experiment was made by his royal highness the late Duke of Cumberland, to ascertain the true and natural instinctive courage of the stag, when opposed to an [illegible] of the most formidable and ferrific description. To effect this, one of the ablest stags in Windsor Forest was enclosed in an area formed upon a selected spot near the lodge, and surrounded with a remarkably strong net toiling, full fifteen feet high. This operation took place in sight of Ascot Heath races, so that thousands were present upon the occasion. When every thing was prepared, and the stag parading in majestic consternation at the assemblage of people around the net work, a trained ounce, or hunting tiger, was led in, hoodwinked by the two blacks that had the care of him, and who, upon a signal, set him and his eyes at liberty. Perhaps so general a silence never prevailed among so many thousands of spectators as at that moment, when the slightest aspirations of a breeze might have been distinctly heard. The ounce, taking one general survey, instantly caught sight of the deer, and crouching down on his belly, continued to creep exactly in the manner of a cat drawing up to a mouse, watching to dart upon it with safety. The stag, however, most warily steadily, and sagaciously, turned as he turned; and this strange and desperate antagonist found himself dangerously opposed by the threatenings of his formidable brow antlers. In vain did the ounce attempt every manoeuvre to turn his flanks; the stag possessed too much generalship to be foiled upon the *terra firma* of his native country, by a foreign invader. His cautious warfare continuing so long as to render it tedious, and, probably to protract the time of starting the horses upon the race ground, his royal highness inquired if by irritating the ounce, the catastrophe might not be hastened? He was answered, it probably might prove dangerous, or be attended with disagreeable consequences; but it was ordered to be done, upon which the keepers proceeded very near the ounce, and did as they were directed; when immediately, without attacking the deer, with a most furious and elastic bound, he sprang at and cleared the toiling that enclosed them; landing amidst the clamours, shouts, and affrighted screams of the multitude, who fled in every direction, each male and female thinking themselves the destined victim of them ounce's rage, who, nevertheless, regardless of their fears or their persons, crossed the road, and rushed into the opposite wood, where he fastened upon the haunch of one of the fallow deer, and brought him to the ground. His keepers, to whom he was perfectly familiarized, hesitated for some time to approach him; at length, however, they mustered resolution to approach, and cutting the deer's throat, separated the haunch which he had seized, and led him away with it in his mouth.—*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds.*

ADVENTURES OF A TAME DUCK.—The poor bird was swimming across a river at Trolhotten, above the falls, when, being unable to stem the current, she was quickly carried down the descent. In the middle of the cataract is a small and prettily wooded island, where no human being has hitherto, I believe set foot; and here the poor duck had the good fortune to bring up in safety. Escape from this confined spot was next to impossible, and in consequence she remained a prisoner for a considerable while. In process of time, she brought forth a brood of ducklings (there being abundance of her species in a wild state in the vicinity) with whom she was often seen sporting on a small eddy formed by the cataract of a few feet in diameter, immediately near to the shore. Beyond this eddy they dared not go, or they would inevitably have been swept down the stream in a moment. Unfortunately for the poor duck, a pair of crows had taken up their habitation in the same island. In spite, therefore, of all her efforts to save her young, which were often witnessed by people on the shore, these voracious birds feasted upon her progeny, one after another, when the chief charm of her existence being gone, she herself disappeared from what might be called, in the phraseology of Parliament, her 'insular station;' but whether from being devoured, like her offspring, by the crows, or whether by self-abandonment to the current, my informant knew not. Shakspeare's 'melancholy Jaques' would have moralized her fate 'into a thousand similes.'

Lloyd's Field Sports.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.—It has been calculated that a hawk will fly not less than 150 miles in an hour. Major Cartwright on the coast of Labrador, found, by repeated observations, that the flight of an eider-duck was at the rate of 90 miles an hour. The flight of the common crow is nearly 25 miles an hour; and Spallanzani found that of the swallow to be about 92 miles, while he conjectures that of the swift as nearly three times greater. A falcon, which belonged to Henry IV. of France, escaped from Fontainbleau, and in 24 hours afterwards was found in Malta, a distance computed to be no less than 1,350 miles—a velocity nearly equal to 57 miles an hour, supposing the falcon to have been on the wing the whole time; but as such birds never fly by night, and allowing the day to be at the longest, his flight was perhaps equal to 75 miles an hour, how easily can they accomplish their most extensive migrations, especially as it is well known that woodcocks and other birds take the advantage of a favorable breeze, which aids them at the rate of 30 or 40 miles an hour.—*Rhind's Studies of Nat. Hist.*

MONUMENTS BUILT WITH SKULLS.—Passing through the north of Persia, the embassy at length arrived at Damogeon, at that time the military capital of the kingdom. Here they saw a monument of a new and terrific character. The market place was ornamented with four great towers, each a stone's throw in height, and built entirely of human skulls, the interstices being filled up with mud. To erect this edifice Timur had massacred sixty thousand Turkomans or white Tartars, as they were called, who, after being vanquished in the field, were cruelly hunted down and nearly exterminated by the relentless victor.

Sir John Malcolm's Sketches of Persia.

ENORMOUS CONDOR.—In the course of the day I had an opportunity of shooting a condor; it was so satiated with its repast on the carcass of a horse, as to suffer me to approach within pistol-shot before it extended its enormous wings to take flight, which was the signal for me to fire; and having loaded with an ample charge of bullets, my aim proved effectual and fatal. What a formidable monster did I behold in the ravine beneath me, screaming and flapping in the last struggles of life! It may be difficult to believe, that the most gigantic animal which inhabits the earth or the ocean can be equalled in size by a tenant of the air; and those persons who have never seen a larger bird than our mountain eagle, will probably read with astonishment of a species of that same bird, in the southern hemisphere, being so large and strong as to seize an ox with its talons, and to lift it into the air, whence it lets it fall to the ground, in order to kill it and to prey upon the carcass. But this astonishment must in a great degree subside, when the dimensions of the bird are taken into consideration, and which, incredible as they may appear, I now insert, verbatim, from a note taken down with my own hand. When the wings are spread, they measure sixteen paces (forty feet) in extent, from point to point; the feathers are eight paces (twenty feet) in length, and the quill part two palms (eight inches) in circumference. It is said to have powers sufficient to carry off a live rhinoceros.

Temple's Travels in Peru.

THE OSTRICH.—The vigor of the Ostrich is so surprising that when mounted by two men, it will run faster than one of our best English horses. We have the testimony of Adamson on this subject, who frequently witnessed this sort of spectacle in Senegal. It is even necessary that a man should be habituated by degrees to this exercise, to prevent its producing suffocation.—CUVIER.

A writer in the Englishman's Magazine has thrown together, under the title of "Notes on America," some observations on the institutions and customs of our country and the character and genius of its inhabitants which strike us as peculiarly just as well as liberal. We give two brief extracts, which come more immediately within the province of our paper:

"One of the most striking and amusing scenes in the world may be witnessed upon a Charleston S. C. race-course. I remember being present at the running of a famous match between two horses from Virginia and one belonging to South Carolina. The two first heats were gained, one each, by the Virginian horses, and the two last by the favorite of South Carolina, whose name I recollect was Bertram. The interest always attendant upon a good horse-race was increased to intensity by the feeling of state rivalry prevalent all over the Union, and which is called forth in all its strength on such occasions. Many a dirk was grasped, and fierce threat uttered. At last the South Carolina horse came up victorious, and the scenes which followed recalled to my mind Gibbon's account of the Blue and Green factions of Constantinople, when the triumph of a political party depended upon the speed of a horse. Ever since, the horse-races in England have appeared to me to be very tame affairs indeed.

* * * * * *

"Kean performed twelve nights in Charleston during the winter of 1825 and 1826. The theatre is small but elegant, and the price of admission to the pit is the same as to the boxes. By this arrangement, those who can best appreciate good acting have an opportunity of seeing it from the best quarter of the house.

I have witnessed Kean's performance in London and the English country towns, and in various parts of the United States, but in my humble judgment there was more real feeling of the beauties of the author, and just discrimination in estimating the actor, displayed in Charleston than at any other theatre where I have had an opportunity of seeing Shakspeare performed. This was peculiarly to be remarked at the representation of Hamlet and Macbeth. I very much doubt whether so many well educated men were ever collected into so small a compass as were to be met with in the Charleston theatre during the term of Kean's engagement; and I am informed that the great actor himself was struck by the judgment, good taste, and thorough knowledge of Shakspeare which the audience displayed. I have mentioned these particulars because I wish to do justice to the refinement and acquirements of a remarkably intelligent body of men, and because I consider a correct, discriminating admiration of good plays and good acting as better evidence of those qualities which I have attributed to the society of Charleston than any vague and general encomiums and assertions."

FEROCITY, TERROR AND VENGEANCE.—In Russia, some years ago, a woman accompanied by three of her children, were one day in a sledge, when they were pursued by a number of wolves. On this she put the horse into a gallop, and drove towards her home, from which she was not far distant, with all possible speed. All, however, would not avail, for the ferocious animals gained upon her, and, at last, were on the point of rushing on the sledge. For the preservation of her own life and that of the remaining children, the poor frantic creature now took one of her babes, and cast it a prey to her bloodthirsty pursuers. This stopped their career for a moment; but after devouring the innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same horrible expedient, and threw her ferocious assailants another of her offspring. To cut short this melancholy story, her third child was sacrificed in a similar manner. Soon after this, the wretched being, whose feelings may more easily be conceived than described, reached her home in safety. Here she related what had happened, and endeavored to palliate her own conduct, by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A peasant, however, who was among the bystanders, and heard the recital, took up an axe, and with one blow cleft her skull in two, saying, at the same time, that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life, was no longer fit to live. This man was committed to prison, but the emperor subsequently gave him a pardon.

ANECDOTE OF CRIBB.—"I remember that on the morning of the great battle (the second) between Gulley and Gregson—Cribb, who was matched against Horton for the second fight, on the same memorable day, awaking me (a lodger at the inn in the next room) by a loud remonstrance to the waiter against the abomination of his towels, which had been laid in *lavender.*—Cribb was a coal-heaver—and was much more discomfited by this odoriferous effeminacy of fine linen than by his adversary Horton, whom he "finished in style," though with some reluctance; for I recollect that he said "he disliked hurting him, he looked so pretty,"—Horton being a very fine, fresh-colored young man."

From American Ornithology, by J. J. Audubon, Esq.

THE PRAIRIE.

On my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide Prairies, which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. But although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking behind the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I had followed was only an old Indian trace, and as darkness overshaded the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The Night-hawk was skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire-light attracting my eye, I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken; I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily employed in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presented myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not—he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers a (circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing the apathy of their character,) I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what kind of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned Bear and Buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late and I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstacy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bear-skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother—for so she proved to be, bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The lads had eaten and drank themselves into such condition, that I already looked upon them as *hors du combat;* and the frequent visit of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam I hoped would soon reduce h[illegible] like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her [illegible] the water on the turning machine, and w[illegible] her working away with the dangerous [illegible] until the sweat covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys kill you ——, and then for the watch."

I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life.—The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, whilst her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot: but she was not punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been in a somewhat similar situation. Day came fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased towards the settlements.

During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travellers run in the United States, that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road; and I can only account for this occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

Will you believe, reader, that not many miles from the place where this adventure happened, and where fifteen years ago, no habitation belonging to civilized man was expected, and very few ever seen, large roads are now laid out, cultivation has converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort is to be met with. So fast does improvement proceed in our abundant and free country.

J. G. WHITTIER, formerly Editor of the New-England Weekly Review, and a poet of uncommon celebrity for his years, lately published a volume of tales and sketches under the title of "Legends of New-England." We extract the following tale, relative to the famous power of *fascination* possessed by or attributed to the serpent species. It is entitled

THE RATTLESNAKE HUNTER.

"Until my ghastly tale be told
This heart within me burns."
Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

During a delightful excursion in the vicinity of the Green Mountains, a few years since, I had the good fortune to meet with a singular character, known in many parts of Vermont as the Rattlesnake Hunter. It was a warm, clear day of sunshine, in the middle of June, that I saw him for the first time, while engaged in a mineralogical ramble among the hills. His head was bald, and his forehead was deeply marked with the strong lines of care and age. His form was wasted and meagre; and but for the fiery vigor of his eye, he might have been supposed incapacitated by age and infirmities for even a slight exertion. Yet he hurried over the rude ledges of rock with a quick and almost youthful tread; and seemed earnestly searching among the crevices and loose crags and stinted bushes around him. All at once, he started suddenly—drew himself back with a sort of shuddering recoil—and then smote fiercely with his staff upon the rock before him. Another and another blow—and he lifted the lithe and crushed form of a large Rattlesnake upon the end of his rod.

The old man's eye glistened, but his lip trembled as he looked stedfastly upon his yet writhing victim. "Another of the accursed race!" he muttered between his clenched teeth, apparently unconscious of my presence.

I was now satisfied that the person before me was none other than the famous Rattlesnake Hunter. He was known throughout the neighborhood as an outcast and a wanderer, obtaining a miserable subsistence from the casual charities of the people around him. His time was mostly spent among the rocks and rude hills, where his only object seemed to be the hunting out and destroying the dreaded Rattlesnake. I immediately determined to satisfy my curiosity, which had been strangely excited by the remarkable appearance and behavior of the stranger; and for this purpose I approached him.

"Are there many of these reptiles in this vicinity?" I inquired, pointing to the crushed serpent.

"They are getting to be scarce," said the old man, lifting his slouched hat and wiping his bald brow; "I have known the time when you could hardly stir ten rods from your door in this part of the State without hearing their low, quick rattle at your side, or seeing their many-colored bodies coiling up in your path. But, as I said before, they are getting to be scarce—the infernal race will be extinct in a few years,—and, thank God, I have myself been a considerable cause of their extermination."

"You must, of course, know the nature of these creatures perfectly well," said I: "do you believe in their power of fascination or charming?"

The old man's countenance fell. There was a visible struggle of feeling within him; for his lip quivered, and he dashed his brown hand suddenly across his eyes, as if to conceal a tear. But quickly recovering himself, he answered, in the low, deep voice of one about to reveal some horrible secret—

"I believe in the Rattlesnake's power of fascination, as firmly as I believe in my own existence."

"Surely," said I, "you do not believe that they have power over human beings?"

"I do—I know it to be so!"—and the old man trembled as he spoke. "You are a stranger to me," he said slowly, after scrutinizing my features for a moment, "but if you will go down with me to the foot of this rock, in the shade there,"—and he pointed to a group of leaning oaks that hung over the declivity,—"I will tell you a strange and sad story of my own experience."

It may be supposed that I readily assented to this proposal. Bestowing one more blow on the rattlesnake, as if to be certain of his death, the old man descended the rocks with a rapidity which would have endangered the neck of a less practised hunter. After reaching the place which he had pointed out, the Rattlesnake Hunter commenced his story in a manner which confirmed what I had previously heard of his education and intellectual strength.

"I was among the earliest settlers in this part of the country. I had just finished my education at the University of Harvard, when I was induced, by the flattering representations of some of the earlier pioneers into the wild lands beyond the Connecticut, to seek my fortune in the new settlements. My wife"—the old man's eye glistened an instant and then a tear crossed his brown cheek—"my wife accompanied me, young and delicate and beautiful as she was, to this wild and rude country. I shall never forgive myself for bringing her hither—never. Young man," he continued, "you look like one who could pity me.—You shall see the image of the girl who followed me to the new country." And he unbound, as he spoke, a ribbon from his neck, with a small miniature attached to it.

It was that of a beautiful female. She might have been twenty years of age,—but there was an almost childish expression in her countenance—a softness, a delicacy, and a sweetness of smile, which I have seldom seen in the features of those who have tasted, even slightly, of the bitter waters of existence. The old man watched my countenance intently, as I surveyed the image of his early love. "She must have been very beautiful," I said, as I returned the picture.

"Beautiful!" he repeated, "you may well say so. But this avails nothing. I have a fearful story to tell: would to God I had not attempted it; but I will go on. My heart has been stretched too often on the rack of memory to suffer any new pang.

"We had resided in the new country nearly a year. Our settlements had increased rapidly, and the comforts and delicacies of life were beginning to be felt, after the weary privations and severe trials to which we had been subjected. The red men were few and feeble, and did not molest us. The beasts of the forest and mountain were ferocious, but we suffered little from them. The only immediate danger to which we were exposed resulted from the Rattlesnakes which infested our neighborhood. Three or four of our settlers were bitten by them, and died in terrible agonies. The Indians often told us frightful stories of this snake, and although they were generally believed, yet for myself, I confess, I was rather amused than convinced by their marvellous legends.

"In one of my hunting excursions abroad, on a fine morning—it was just at this time of the year—I was accompanied by my wife.—'Twas a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear; and a fine breeze from the north-west shook the bright, green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time, in pursuit of game; and in climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick, grating rattle. I looked forwad.—On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large Rattlesnake, coiling himself, as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me; and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still, and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he unwound his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility; and raising his head, he fixed his bright, fiery eye directly upon my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from any thing I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger, and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him—or, at least, it sounded in my ear—a strange, sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of the humming-bird. Then the tints of his body deepened, and changed, and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope,—green, purple, and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild and curiously woven circles of strange colors, quivering around me, like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prism—a world of mysterious colors;—and the tints varied, and darkened, and lighted up again around me; and the low music went on without ceasing, until my brain reeled, and fear, for the first time, came like a shadow over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind—no definite ideas of peril—all was vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream—and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to tear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred; and I stood still, as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the tempter in my ear, and the baleful colorings of his enchantment before me.

"[illegible] a new sound came on my ear—it was a human voice—but it seemed strange and awful. Again—again—but I stirred not; and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The horrible spell was at once broken. The strange colors passed from before my vision. The Rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs; and my wife was clinging in terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim!—The fatal fangs pierced deeply into her hand; and her scream of agony, as she staggered backward from me, told me the dreadful truth.

"Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work of death, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him in pieces upon the ragged rock. The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark, livid spot on her hand; and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling; and, after wandering for a short time, the pain of her wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I had yet strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us,—and there—alone, in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her—and she died!"

The old man groaned audibly as he uttered these words; and, as he clasped his long, bony hands over his eyes, I could see the tears falling thickly through his gaunt fingers. After a momentary struggle with his feelings, he lifted his head once more, and there was a fierce light in his eye as he spoke:

"But I have had my revenge. From that fatal moment I have felt myself fitted and set apart, by the terrible ordeal of affliction, to rid the place of my abode of its foulest curse. And I have well nigh succeeded. The fascinating demons are already few and powerless.—Do not imagine," said he, earnestly regarding the somewhat equivocal expression of my countenance, "that I consider these creatures as serpents only—creeping serpents;—they are the servants of the fallen Angel—the immediate ministers of the infernal Gulf!"

* * * * * * *

Years have passed since my interview with the Rattlesnake Hunter: the place of his abode has changed—a beautiful village rises near the spot of our conference, and the grass of the church-yard is green over the grave of the old Hunter. But his story is yet fixed upon my mind, and time, like enamel, only burns deeper the first strong impression. It comes up before me like a vividly remembered dream, whose features are too horrible for reality.

THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS CHECK. Some time ago, a Frenchman attended the Park Theatre, when the entertainment happened to consist of three pieces. At the close of the first piece he went out, taking with him a box check, with which he entered the pit. At the conclusion of the second piece, he again went out, taking a pit check. With this he proposed again entering the boxes, not being aware, as it seems, that though a box check will procure admission to the pit, yet a pit check is no passport to the boxes. He offered his check at the door and was refused. Nevertheless, considering, that inasmuch as he had paid a dollar, he had a just right to the boxes notwithstanding the circumstance of the pit check, he, with the true spirit and celerity of a Frenchman, brushed by the janitor, and made good his landing in the lobby.

A warm contest soon arose between the two, whether the Frenchman should be permitted to remain or whether he should be ousted. The doorkeeper did not hesitate as to his part, and was proceeding, *vie et armis,* to thrust the other out. But this was not so easy, for while he was preparing to thrust out the Frenchman, others seemed disposed to thrust themselves in; and he was presently obliged to return to the door. Besides the Frenchman was ready to fight for what he conceived to be his just rights; and gesticulating furiously, exclaimed—

'You is one rascalle, one sheat! You tempt to keep me out, ven I pay von dollaire!'

'I know nothing about your dollar,' said the doorkeeper; 'but one thing I know, this is not a box check, and you've no right here.'

'No right! mon Dieu! No right, ven I pay de dollaire! Dat is de ticket box price. Ven von homme, he pay de price, t'en he ave de right, begar!'

'I cant help that—a pit check won't pass here, so you must pass yourself back again.'

'Me back pass!' exclaimed the Frenchman, resolutely maintaining his ground,—'me no back pass, me no vill stir de foot. Me ave de right here, and all the rascalle d— keep door in Amerique will not stir me de von inch.'

'Yes, but consider'—

'Considaire! I vill no considaire—'tis no consideration—'tis no right—'tis no justice—'tis no egalite, mon Dieu!'

'None of your French parley-vooing here—I dont understand it.'

'You no stand under nossin—you no homme—no man—no honestie—no nossin—diable dam!'

'Dont put yourself in a pucker, Mounseer, but walk—walk.'

'Valk! Valk!' exclaimed the Frenchman, beginning to dance about more furiously than ever—'valk in de puckaire—meself in de puckaire! Begar, vot is dat you call de puckaire?'

'Dont put yourself in a flusteration—but walk.'

'Flusteration! Begar, sair, me vill no flusteratione; me will no valk de door out; me vill valk in one box, vere me ave de right.'

As the Frenchman had indeed the 'right in equity,' though wanting somewhat in legal formality, and seemed determined to maintain the right at the hazard of a battle, he was finally admitted into the boxes, and so the matter ended.

Constellation.

WANTED, for this paper, two lines, to fill out the column.

NEW-YORK:

[SAT]URDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1832.

Owing to the severe indisposition of two of [our] Carriers, a number of subscribers residing in, [adj]acent to the Bowery, were not served last [week]. They will be supplied with the missing [papers on] application to the Office, or to any of our [Carrie]rs. In future we hope and trust they will [have] no reason to complain of remissness.

[Our] Agent at Newark, N. J. who com[plain]s that his patrons do not receive *all* their [papers], is informed that the fault lies not with us; [the p]apers for each subscriber are carefully di[rected] and put up in strong wrappers, and the [missi]ng numbers must be abstracted from the [office], which we have reason to believe, is regu[larly] broken open. We shall take such measures [as we] hope will lead to an explanation [illegible] [and] recommend our Agent to use his [en]deavors to ferret out the delinquent.

[NEW]-YORKERS IN THE COUNTRY.

[We] made an excursion of some seventy miles [into th]e country the past week, and found it every [where] filled with "absentees" from the city. [The for]mer fashionable summer retreats are al[most] wholly avoided, while every pleasant village [and smi]ling hamlet actually swarms with the beaux [and b]elles of New-York. Sportsmen are making [sad d]estruction among the woodcock and trout—[fortu]nately the former are found in great plenty [this] season, but trout are scarce and the brooks [low].

Parties in the vicinity of the Hudson river [are dai]ly making excursions on its waters—and [fishin]g always forms a part of the entertainment. [Th]e rock perch and striped bass are caught in abundance on certain sections of the River. [At] the reef at Wappinger's Creek we counted [some p]ersons diligently angling from boats anchor[ed in] the middle of the stream. The towns im[media]tely on the river have scarcely any visitors, [as it h]as been imagined they were equally expos[ed to] the epidemic with New-York. It is how[ever] a fact that very few instances of Cholera [have o]ccurred among the inhabitants of the river [town]s, the few scattered cases have been most[ly co]nfined to the "refugees," from the great hot[bed o]f the pestilence. On going back from the [river] at any point, one is continually meeting gay [equi]pages and smiling faces from the City—and [every] snug residence and farm house has become [the a]bode of an exiled family. Family parties [are m]aking in every direction, and so completely [is the] country thronged, that the city circles are [kept] up unbroken and scarcely diminished. The formalities of city life are thrown aside and [the] places supplied by the courtesies and hospi[talitie]s of the country. The fear of the Cholera [has p]roduced great caution in the indulgence of [the a]ppetite for fruits and unripe vegetables; and [t]o this perhaps, more than to any thing else, [we sh]ould attribute the [illegible] health [thro]ughout the whole country. Happy as every [one s]eemed to be, we still remarked the utmost [impa]tience to return to the city. The Health [Repo]rts are eagerly read,—every one forming [this] or that conjecture of the probable duration of [the e]pidemic,—and all ready to fly back to the de[serte]d city the first moment the abatement of the [rava]ges of the terrific destroyer will seem to ren[der i]t prudent.

[T]HE SPRINGS.—From the Ballston and Sara[toga] papers, now before us, we learn that the [num]ber of visitors at the Springs is considerable, [and] indeed fully as great as could be expected, [thou]gh by no means equal to the capacity of the [res]pective villages for entertainment. It seems [stra]nge that some portion of the multitudes who [have] fled from our cities on account of the Chole[ra sh]ould not have found their way to the waters [of] Saratoga, where they might reasonably have [hop]ed to preserve the inestimable blessing which [they] strive to secure, if any where. It is too late [now] to make any suggestions with regard to the [plac]e of safety which should be resorted to by *our* [citiz]ens, as the decline of the Cholera gives rea[son] to hope for the speedy return of the fugitives; [but] if the fashionables of Philadelphia should be [driv]en, by the increasing malignancy of the pes[tile]nce in their city, to evacuate their homes, we [wou]ld recommend to them an emigration *en masse* [to] the health giving fountains of Saratoga, as a [st]ation superior in regard alike to safety, socie[ty] and pleasure, to any other in the country.

THE ARMY.

Gen. Atkinson seems almost within a stone's [thr]ow of the Indians, but these wily savages un[ders]tand the advantages of location, and the mov[in]g about among swamps and prairies too well to [per]mit him easily to force them into battle. They [elu]de his pursuit readily, by traversing low [gro]unds, through which mounted troops cannot [pa]ss, and unless some means are devised to drive [the]m from their advantage ground the campaign [can]not be terminated till late in autumn. The [Ind]ians are seven or eight hundred strong, well [mount]ed and provided with powder and ball. We [hope] Gen. Scott will soon be among them with [his] veterans.

[STEA]MBOAT EXCURSION.—By a reference to our [adver]tising columns it will be seen that the new [stea]mboat DAVID BROWN will leave the wharf at [Fult]on Market to-morrow (Sunday) morning at [o'clo]ck for Long Branch, the *Ocean House*, (*at [Sh]rewsbury Inlet*,) and Red Bank. To those [who] are laboring under the general indisposition [and] depression of spirits incident to the presence [of th]e prevailing pestilence among us, we would [stron]gly recommend a participation in this excur[sion]. Aside from the pleasure which it promi[ses,] the influence of the fresh and grateful breezes [of] the immediate bosom of the ocean cannot [be] otherwise than healthful and invigorating.

[A]N IMPORTANT INQUIRY.—"Come, come," [said] Tom's father, "at your time of life there's no [good] excuse for thus playing the rake, it's time [you s]hould think, boy, of taking a wife." "Why, [yes,] father—whose wife shall I take."

THE CHOLERA.

We come with a lighter heart to sum up the ravages of the Cholera for the past week than at any time since it invaded our borders. Every one now looks upon the disease as having passed its acme in our devoted city. But in its *decline* it is terrible. The number of victims plainly decreases, but they are not confined to the dissolute and intemperate. One of the most cruel features in the progress of the disease is the unaccountable malignity with which it seizes upon a single family, and in three or four short days sweeps half its members into the grave. Many sad illustrations of this fact have marked the fatality of the pestilence in this city and Brooklyn.

Now that the disease is subsiding, a few of our flying citizens have returned, and occasionally a chance traveller from the South ventures within the proscribed precincts. Yet these visits are rare. New-York is still a woful residence—but we look for a speedy and happy deliverance.

BULLETIN OF THE CHOLERA,

CORRECTED FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORT *Of the Special Medical Council.*

July	Cases at dwelling houses	Hospitals	Bellevue	Yorkvill	Total of Cas.	Deaths at dwelling houses	Hospital	Bellevue	Yorkvill	Total of Deaths
28	93	49	1	2	145	37	26	1	1	65
29	61	58	1	2	122	19	15	2	3	39
30	62	35	3	3	103	11	19	3	3	39
31	59	52	1	9	121	23	20	3	2	48
Aug. 1	47	39	1	5	92	13	24	3	1	41
2	47	21	1	10	81	14	17	3	1	34
3	48	36	1	5	90	14	8	1	1	24
	417	293	11	33	754	131	129	16	14	290

Total since commencement, Cases 4087, Deaths 1662

SOMEWHAT MYSTERIOUS.—Any thing that will assist to withdraw the mind from that all-engrossing topic, the Cholera, is worthy being touched upon. In this spirit it is, we presume, that the late movements of the elder branch of the Bonaparte family have been so freely discussed, and so many theories instituted to account for his sudden departure for Europe. It seems to be well understood that not many moons since, a French gentleman arrived by packet in New-York, and set off directly for Bordentown. On his arrival there, he requested to be conducted to the residence of the Count, which being complied with, he remained at the abode of the ex-king for some days, without being once seen by any of the curious villagers, when he returned to New-York, and sailed in the earliest packet for Europe. Up to the arrival of the French gentleman, no one had the slightest idea that the Count entertained the thought of visiting the "old world,"—but immediately on the departure of the mysterious agent, every thing was put in requisition to prepare for the contemplated visit. To a distinguished jurist of Philadelphia was consigned the management of his immense estates and funded property—every arrangement was hastily made, when the Count took passage for England, giving out that the entreaties of a dying mother and the earnest request of a sick spouse were together the cause of his sudden departure. These things may all be; but the Count's sixteen years' separation from his wife is hardly reconcilable with this sudden growth of conjugal fondness; and a fig for the entreaties of his mother, living or dying. Depend on it, there are more things connected with this movement than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

We will not indulge a prophecy at present, but shall keep our eye on the matter, and report progress according to events.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.—The lovers of music in this country will no doubt experience the highest gratification during the presence of the Italian Troupe, whose arrival in the last Havre packet we have the pleasure of announcing. Although the time of their arrival here is most unpropitious, owing to the prevalence of the Cholera, with the general distress which it naturally creates and the universal terror which it inspires, yet we trust they will not be suffered to leave our shores unwelcomed nor unrewarded. Though the present moment is not favorable to the exercise of their talents, yet the gradual and steady abatement of the ravages of the pestilence give promise of the speedy return of a season of health and prosperity, when pleasure may again resume her sway over her now deserted temples, and music may once more display her powers to soothe and gladden the human breast.

By the following list of the members of the Troupe, probably furnished by Sig. Montresor, under whose auspices they have been engaged to visit this country, and under whose direction the Opera will be produced here, it will be seen that the attractions which it combines are unrivalled by those of any musical company which has yet preferred its claims upon the patronage of the American public; and we understand that it is the determination of Sig Montresor that the performances shall be got up in a style of elegance and perfection which is rarely surpassed even in Europe. The list is as follows:

LADIES.

Adelaide Varese Pedrotti, } Soprani.
Albina Stella, }
Teresa Verducci, }
Lorenza Marozzi, } Ditto.
Enrichetta Salvioni, }
La Sig'ra Fabbrica } Contralti.
Emilia Saccomani, }

GENTLEMEN.

Giovanni Battista Montresor, }
Alessandro Pedrotti, }
Signor Manetti, } Tenori.
Signor Sarpagnioli, }
Luciano Fornasari, }
Giuseppe Corsetti, } Bassi Cantanti.
Giuliano Placi, }
Ernesto Orlandi, *Basso Buffo*.
Six leading choristers of first rate talents.

The leading members of the Orchestra brought by Sr. Montresor are the following:

Sig'r Baggioli, Composer, Director of the Opera, and Maestro al Cembalo.
Sig'r Carlo Salvioni, Director of the Chorusses at the Imperial Theatre of La Scala, Milan.
Sig'r Rappetti, First Violin, and Leader.
Sig'r Giuseppe Lenghi, Professor of the Harp.
Sig'r Guiseppe Paggi, First Oboe.
Sig'r Comi, Second Violin, and Leader in case of the sickness of Sig'r Rappetti.
Sig'r Cesare Casolani, a first rate Contra Basso, and Trombone.
Sig'r Gardenghi, a superior Violoncello.
Sig'r Conti, Second Oboe.
Scene Painter, Sig'r Bragaldi, with three assistants.

An ice house with its contents, was lately destroyed by fire in New Jersey. The Taunton Sun remarks that it is a curious circumstance in physics, that cold water will not extinguish the flames of ice when it is fairly on fire!!

A NUISANCE.—A portion of our citizens residing on the middle road leading to Yorkville, some distance from the city proper, having been annoyed by the existence of noxious effluvia in the atmosphere, proceeded on Wednesday to an examination of the vicinity for the cause, and at last discovered the carcase of a white cow in a neighboring thicket, slightly covered with earth. The wretch who could sport with the lives of his neighbors by creating such a nuisance at a time like the present, richly merits an apartment in the state prison.

THE NEW STEAMERS.—We copy from the *Troy Budget*, the following memorandum of the trip made by the Champlain on Friday last from New-York to Albany:

"The new and elegant steamboat Champlain, Capt. Gorham, left New-York this morning at 4 minutes past 7, made 13 landings, and arrived at Albany 12 minutes past 5 this afternoon, making her passage from New-York to Albany in 10 hours and 8 minutes—time lost in landing is 57 minutes, deduct 18 minutes for "*momentum*" and her time in running through is 8 *hours and forty three minutes*. This is the shortest passage ever made. July 27.

The *Erie*, Capt. Vandewater, which, with the Champlain, we noticed last week, made her first trip on Monday. She is a fit companion of the Champlain. These boats, so appropriately named reflect the highest credit upon the enterprise of Troy, and have our best wishes that they may reward the industry and exertions of the company to which they belong.

EXAMINATION OF M. M. NOAH.—Our readers are aware that the local authorities of some of the petty villages of Rhode Island have been rendering themselves supremely ridiculous of late, by their exertions to prohibit all intercourse with the infected districts, and particularly with our devoted city. The steamboat Benjamin Franklin, in one of her late trips between this city and those of that state, after being denied the privilege of landing her passengers successively at Newport and Providence, was forced to put into Somerset, where she was challenged in due form by a miniature Board of Health, who ordered the passengers and crew to be forthwith paraded in the dining cabin, and commenced a thorough examination, beginning at the head of the column, and taking them "in course." Among the passengers was our worthy Surveyor of the Port, Mordecai Manasseh Noah, Esq. whose portly figure and good natured countenance did not exempt him from the suspicion and the scrutiny of these zealous guardians of the public health. The following "minutes" of the examination are furnished by the Pawtucket Chronicle:

Question—Mordecai M. Noah?
Answer—Here, sir, at your service.
Run out your tongue, Mr. Noah.
(Hereupon Mr. Noah extended to view a healthy-looking tongue, which the youngest physician examined with considerable care and attention.)

Q.—Have you any *back disorder* about you, Mr. Noah?

A.—Not that I know of—I devoured two pounds of roast beef for my dinner yesterday, and washed it down with a bottle of Claret—I consider myself to be in good health.

Q.—Have you had the Cholera within ten days, to *your knowledge*, Mr. Noah?

A.—I have not, sir, but I have a wife and children.

Q.—If you are permitted to land, will you pledge yourself never to become a town pauper within the town of Somerset, and will you leave the town immediately?

A.—I will not only pledge myself to leave the town of Somerset immediately, but I will give you my word that I will never enter it again knowingly, either by night or by day, or just before night, or just before day.

After thus examining the whole ship's company, they were permitted to land, and proceed to Taunton.

The Miner's Journal has this advertisement:

WANTED.—A wet nurse to take charge of a basket of children left at this office a short time since.

This conversion of an Editor's office into a Foundling Hospital is quite a merry thought. We would not seem to tax the editor of the Miner's Journal with indiscretion, but really we should apprehend that serious suspicions would arise if a basket of children were left at *our* office.

Either the ingenious editor must be considered by the ladies in his region the most benevolent of philanthropists, or the gayest and most heartless of Lotharios. Children by the basket full!! Heavens! what are we editors coming to!!

[From Willis's Impressions of Europe.]

"If ever I return to America, I shall make a journey to the West, for the pure refreshment of seeing industry and thrift. I am sick to the heart of pauperism and misery. Every thing that is near the large towns of France is either splendid or disgusting. There is no medium in condition—nothing that looks like content—none of that class we define in our country as the "respectable."

On the above paragraph a contemporary eloquently and we may add, justly remarks: "it bespeaks the attachment to his country of a gifted American. It bears witness to the palpable contrast which exists between the priest-ridden countries of Europe, crushed by the iron way of despotic rule, and our own free, healthful and young republic. An American has indeed cause to rejoice when he looks over the nation and discovers an absence, to such an extent, of overgrown fortunes, of ill-gotten wealth, and hard hearted oppression on the one hand, and on the other, of wretched, sunken and debased poverty and misery."

The Muncy Telegraph, a paper we no more think of reading than we do of eating—was shown us last week containing a full phial of the editor's wrath against us, got up in set phrases of abuse that the veriest vagabond at the Five Points could take a lesson from. To such vermin as the Muncy Editor we have nothing to reply. An utter loathing is the only feeling we can indulge toward him.

The following luminous effusion appears in a late London paper, and purports to be a proclamation from the Mayor of one of the English cities, in anticipation of a Royal visit. We give it of course verbatim, etc.

"Whereas his Majesty the King and Queen is expected to honor this place with his presence to the course of their Tower, in order to prevent them from meeting no Impediment in his way, the worshipful the Mare and Bailiff have thought proper that the following Regulations shall be prohibited as follows. Nobody must not leave no Dust, nor nothing in that shape before their Doors nor shall put all the Wheelbarrows, Cabbidge stalks, Marble Stones and other Vegetables must be Swept out of the streets. Any one who shall fail of giving offence in any of these Articles shall be dealt with according to Law without Bail or Mainprize.

God save his Majesty the King Queen and His worship The mare."

The Editor of the Albany Microscope complains, in his usual tone of moderation, that the keepers of boarding houses are starving their boarders to prevent them dying of the Cholera—swearing that the doctors recommend low diet.—We hope the Editor is not starving under the operation of this system, but really, his paper exhibits the most unequivocal symptoms of voracity. One of his correspondents bewails his hard fate in not being able to get any thing "but junk soup and scrags of mutton for the last three weeks."—We rather calculate he don't pay his board.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The ship Dover, Captain Nye, arrived at Boston on Sunday, July 29th, from Liverpool, bringing papers to the 21st of June—three days later than previous advices. They contain no intelligence of great moment.

The government of France had been evidently strengthened by the late insurrection in Paris and the consequent overthrow of the revolutionists.—Martial law still prevailed in Paris, and the proceedings against those suspected of favoring the attempts to dethrone Louis Philip were still going forward, and the arrests were numerous.—Among the latest were those of M. Chateaubriand, Baron Hyde de Neuville, and the Duke of Fitz James.

The Duke of Wellington was mobbed in the streets of London on the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo! It was only through the strenuous exertions of the police that he escaped without personal injury.

There was a report that the almost impregnable Syrian fortress of St. Jean d'Acre surrendered to the forces of the Pacha of Egypt on the 26th of April.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

FOREIGN.

NOVEL WRITING.—Mr D'Israeli thus describes the rapidity with which he wrote "Vivian Grey." I took up a pen. I held it in the light. I thought to myself what will be its doom, but I said nothing. I began writing some hours before noon, nor did I ever cease. My thoughts, my passion, the rush of my invention, were too quick for my pen.—Page followed page; as a sheet was finished I threw it on the floor—I was amazed at the rapid and prolific production, yet I could not stop to wonder. In half a dozen hours I sank back, utterly exhausted, with an aching frame. I rang the bell, ordered some refreshments, and walked about the room. The wine invigorated me and warmed up my sinking fancy, which, however required little fuel. I set to it again, and it was midnight before I retired to bed. The next day I again rose early, and with a bottle of wine at my side, for I was determined not to be disturbed. I dashed at it again. I was not less successful. This day I finished my first volume. The third morning I had less inclination to write. I read over and corrected what I had composed. This warmed up my fancy and in the afternoon, I executed several chapters of my second volume. Each day, although I had not in the least lost my desire of writing, I wrote slower. It was necessary for me, each day, to read my work from the beginning, before I felt the existence of the characters sufficiently real to invest their actions. Nevertheless, on the morning of the seventh day, the second and last volume was finished."

SINGULAR MISTAKE.—A short time ago, the sexton of Haywood Chapel received the body of a still born infant for interment, but, owing to the urgency of some other business, he put the coffin into the vestry until he had leisure to inter it. It so happened that the schoolmaster of the village who is a noted violin player, had also put his fiddle and case into the vestry. About dusk the same evening the sexton went for the purpose of taking the infant to bury it, but he actually buried the fiddle and case instead of the child; and the mistake was not discovered until the schoolmaster wanted his fiddle a few days afterwards.

PRICE OF HOUNDS.—Thirty years ago Sir Richard Puleston sold his to the Duke of Bedford for 700 guineas, and, fifteen years since, Mr. Cubit's were sold to Lord Middleton for 1200 guineas. A well known good pack will, in these times, bad as they are, command a thousand guineas. Those of Mr. Warde, Lord Tavistock, Mr. Nichols, and Sir Richard Sutton, have been sold for that sum within the last few years. But a very short time since, Mr. Osbaldeston sold ten couples of hounds for the same sum to Lord Middleton, and we have reason to believe he has hounds in his kennel for which he would not take 200 guineas apiece. Knowing all this, one can make every allowance for the angry feelings of their owners when they see the chance of their being ridden over and destroyed in the chase.—Good hounds are not easily replaced, and it is on this account that in hard-riding countries, and where the covers are small, seldom more than sixteen or seventeen couple form a pack.—*Quarterly Review*.

ANECDOTE.—In 1698, a cause of a singular nature, was referred to the parliament of Paris, from that of Metz. A gentleman having made over his estate by donation to his wife whom he loved exceedingly, she soon became weary and desirous to get rid of him. Accordingly, one night she cut his throat, and having mangled and disfigured the body, she sewed it up in a sack, with a weight in it, and prevailed on one of the servants to throw it into the river. As the man was about to proceed with his burden, she pretended some further securing was necessary, and contrived to stitch the sack and part of his coat together, in order to secure the silence of the only evidence that might be brought against her. Every thing succeeded as she wished; the servant was drowned, and neither of the victims were afterwards found. Fifteen years afterwards, the woman falling sick, confessed this transaction to a priest, who relieving her in a short time to be dead, revealed the circumstance to a relation of the murdered husband, for a valuable consideration. The woman was then apprehended, but the priest not appearing against her, she was discharged. But at length the ecclesiastic being discovered, the process was instituted before the parliament as stated above.

INSTANCE OF CONSTANCY.—Mahommed had scarcely retired to his capital, when he was seized with an illness which he felt would be fatal to him. His end corresponded with his stormy and unprincipled life. With the view of securing the crown for his son, he wrote to the alcayde of Salobrena, ordering the head of his brother to be returned by the messenger, Ahmed, an officer of his guard. When Ahmed arrived at Salobrena, he found the prince playing at chess with the alcayde. No sooner had the latter glanced his eyes over the fatal writing than he turned pale, for the good qualities of the prince had won his heart, and the hearts of all the fortress. He knew not how to break the intelligence to the intended victim, but his agitation betrayed some fearful truth. Yusef took the scroll from his trembling hands and on perusing it, mildly requested that a few hours respite might be allowed to take the last leave of his family. This Ahmed refused to grant, justly observing that unless the head of the prince was in Granada at a certain hour, his own must fall as a penalty of disobedience. Yusef then begged that he and the alcayde might be permitted to finish the game—a request which Ahmed reluctantly granted. But whatever might be the composure of the prince, the alcayde was so agitated that he lost all command over his judgment, and committed such egregious blunders that his opponent in the game rallied him on his distraction. Just as the game was concluded, two horsemen arrived at full speed from Granada, rushed into the apartment, announced the death of Mahommed, and kissed the hand of Yusef as their new sovereign. The prince could scarcely believe in the extraordinary change of his fortunes, until other messengers confirmed its reality.

A GENTLE HINT.—The beautiful and fashionable Miss L—— was lately on a visit at the seat of her noble relation, Lord G——, in England. Among other *lavish* acquirements, the lady had adopted that of very late rising, which, not according with the economy of his lordship's establishment, occasioned her constant absence from the family breakfast table. One morning, however, she very unexpectedly made her appearance as the meal was commencing. His Lordship, on perceiving her, after a very slight salutation took out his tablets and commenced writing in them. Miss G. playfully advanced to him, and said, "My lord, I know that memorandum concerns me; I must know what it is." Lord G. immediately handed her the tablet, in which she read the following:—"April 12. Venus is now a morning star."

A *hawk* has lately committed depredations in the town of Frome, by carrying off and devouring canaries, linnets, &c. On Sunday, April 27, it killed a linnet which hung outside of a house, by breaking through the cage wires, although a servant girl was standing close at hand. On Tuesday it had the audacity to alight on a cage and adroitly opened the door, and killed a canary belonging to a lady, who was confined to her room by indisposition, and who had the mortification to witness her favorite bird carried away, to whom she could render no assistance. A few days after this fearless bird pursued a pheasant into the middle of the town. It has hitherto adroitly eluded every effort to take or kill it.

PAWNING IN BELFAST.—Speech at a huckster's shop:—"Please, sir, I want a ha'poth of tea—a ha'poth of sugar—a ha'poth of bread—a ha'poth of butter—a loan of your kettle, and [illegible] [illegible] mother's [illegible] (cap) till Monday."

VALUE OF LIFE IN AFRICA.—The Landers in Africa were dreadfully tormented by the rude curiosity of the natives, who almost suffocated them by crowding into and about their tents. On complaining of this nuisance to the chief of one village, he said, "Take your gun and kill a few; you have my full leave to slaughter as many as you please. After you have cut off the heads of some of them, the rest will not molest you.

Mr. Robert Beck, of Loweswater, Eng. caught a trout in Crummock Lake, June 24, weighing upwards of 6 1-2 lbs. It was captured with the rod and artificial fly, and is supposed to be the largest ever caught in that lake with this deceptive bait.

The year 1769 is remarkable for the birth of many illustrious men. Napoleon, Wellington, Walter Scott, Schiller, Cuvier, Chateaubriand, and Canning were born in that year, when the star of intellect must have been in its zenith. The most distinguished warriors, naturalists, poets and statesmen, of the age were born in the same year, and with the exception of Chateaubriand, none were of exalted families.

An Italian Monarch taking an ambassador to his court, to a high balcony, remarked—"This is the balcony over which one of my ancestors made an ambassador leap." Upon which the envoy coolly observed, "I presume ambassadors did not wear swords in those days."

The very mild season (says the Shrewsbury, Eng. Chronicle) seems curiously to affect some of our townsmen. Two of them, on Wednesday, quarrelled in Frankwell, and were deciding the affair by a fight, when a constable interfered, and the pugilists, retreating from his grasp, ran to the river, plunged in, and there thrashed each other comfortably, in defiance of the constable! A vast crowd assembled on the Welsh Bridge to witness the naval combat.

CHEAP TRAVELLING.—Such is the spirit of opposition between the proprietors of two rival coaches, that one was lately advertised to carry passengers to Liverpool at the following fares—"Inside, *what you please*! Outside, *ditto*!" This seemed to carry the matter as far as it would go; but the other party were not to be discouraged, and in a short time they issued placards, stating that their coach would take passengers at the following rates: "Inside, *ditto*, [illegible] *of wine included*! Outside, *ditto, ditto*!"

AT A target firing lately in England, one ball out of sixty hit the mark. The captain of the corps, finding his own shooting rather wide, ensconced himself behind the target, as less liable to be hit there than any where else.

An ignorant fellow was boasting that in his travels that he had been caressed every where, and that he had seen all the great in Europe. "Have you seen the Dardanelles," said one of the persons present. "Yes," replied he, "I dined with them at Gibraltar and found them to be very excellent company."

It is stated that the office of King's Printer, in England, has often yielded a clear profit to the patentees of £15,000 a year, and never produces at the present day, less than £12,000.

In the late conflicts in the streets of Paris, it is calculated that not fewer than 150 journeymen printers were either killed or wounded.

LUDICROUS FACT.—At the Opera House London during the performance of the German company, a gentleman on one side of the pit, whom want of room had compelled him to stand, anxious to support himself, grasped, as he thought, one of the props of the benches; upon which a respectable person politely exclaimed—"Pray, sir, don't pull so hard; that's my wooden leg."

I once knew a man (says a writer in the Metropolitan Magazine) who had only one story and that was about a gun. His difficulty was to introduce this story, and he at last succeeded by the use of his foot. When sitting after dinner, he would stamp under the table and create a loud sound. Then "God bless me! what's that—a gun? By the bye, talking about guns," and then came the story.

Death, which is said to love a shining mark, has struck several within a few months past—Sir James Mackintosh, Goethe, Cuvier, Champollion, Remusat, Bentham, Serullas, Lamarque, Casimir Perier.

A CONCLUSION.—Some half dozen "green horns" who had shipped on board a merchant vessel, being dilatory in making their appearance on deck in a storm, at the call of "all hands," the mate went to the hatch-way and hailed them, asked them in the cant phrase often used on such occasions—

"Below there! have you concluded?"

"Yes, sir, we've *concluded to let the wind blow away and pay for it*."

A drunken Scotchman returning from a fair, fell asleep by the road side, when a pig found him and began licking his mouth. Sawney roared out, "wha's kissin me noo? Ye see what it is to be weel liket amang the lasses!"

Some one was speaking of the snow in New Hampshire as being three inches deep, when a Vermonter, anxious for the credit of his state interrupted him with "why darn it, we don't pretend to use snow in Varmount till it is three years old!"

WEEKLY REPORT.—Only 108 dogs were killed in Philadelphia during the week ending on the 23d of July.

CHOLERA MEDICINES.—At Sacketts Harbor, part of the Quarantine regulations consist of an armed guard and a six pounder.

AT Oswego, it is said that a steamboat was fired into by the authorities to prevent its approaching their shore: two rounds of blank cartridges having been heeded.

FATAL RASCALITY.—Two black boys, supposed to have come from Philadelphia, were driven into a mill pond, Bloomsbury, N. J. by some reckless white boys on horseback, on the 21st of July. The poor boys in their terror to escape the threats of their pursuers, plunged into deep water, and being unable to swim, were both drowned.

DOMESTIC.

A Fourth of July toast given "Down East"—"The Tree of Liberty—May its roots go down to earth's centre, its lofty summit reach the skies, and its spreading branches shade creation."

[Such a tree would make an *everlasting* sight of shingles.]

At a recent celebration in Duxbury Co. Mass. the following toast was drunk:—

"By G. Bradford, Esq.—*The Ladies*.—They kiss us when we are young, cherish us when we are old—*may we do as we are done by*."

GOING SNACKS.—Jonathan and his gal, one Sunday night, were piteously bewailing their inability to attend a ball which was to be in their neighborhood. At last Jonathan jumped up as if struck with a cannon ball. "Sue," says he, "I've grabbed a thought—just throw in fifty cents of *your own money*, I'll fare out with Squire Botheram, and go fifty cents more added to it, and then we'll buy a ticket and *go snacks*, and shave it down like John." Sue, "its no more than fair, you should pay half—you needn't look so grouty."

CHEAP LIVING.—You haint got no more cold victuals for me, is you? said a beggar boy whose basket was well charged with the fat of the land. "I've given you enough already," replied the citizen, "what do you want with so much cold meat?" "Oh I don't want it myself, but my mammy keeps a boarding house, and she expects some *comers* to day, so I thought as how you mought help her out."

A jolly son of Neptune passing through Broad street one day last week, saw a woman standing in a door, whom he hailed in the following manner—"I say, ma'am, do you take boarders?" "Yes," replied the dame. "Well then let us see you take one," said the tar.

INTERESTING TO HOG-OWNERS.—The owner of every swine running at large, is made subject to a fine of $5 for each offence, any person is at liberty to drive them to the public pound, where, not claimed within five days and all charges paid, they are to be sold at auction for the payment of the fine and costs. If claimed, of course the fine and costs will be paid by the claimant. [N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

[What does he get for his trouble, who drives the stray swine to the pound.]

PUGNACIOUS.—There has been a fight editorial in Union co. Pa. between a Ritner and a Wolf editor—not a war of words in which more ink is wasted than blood, but a real bona fide, 'rough and tumble,' in which no regard was paid to the peepers or skin, upon which marks were visible next morning. We hope this is not a sign of the times.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Some people think it very strange that a great man, famous for *fasting*, should now think of *feasting*. It is time he had changed his diet; but his principles remain the same; he has always been playing *fast* and *loose*.

ANY THING IN REASON.—Go up and hand the royal, said an officer on ship board to a boy, who had never before swam the salt pond. It was in the night. Sir! answered the lad inquiringly. The officer repeated the order. Any thing in reason, captain, any thing in reason, said the boy, but as to climbing them rope ladders such a dark night as this, I shan't do it!

A GOOD ONE TO GO.—A jockey having a very fine trotter to dispose of, and in order to give the purchaser a faint idea of his speed, related the following: "That going with a friend in a chaise on a short excursion in the country, and shortly after starting, his friend inquired of him, what grave-yard they were passing? Grave-yard, said he, why it's only the mile-stones."

DISPUTED BIRTHPLACE.—There was a tutor at Cambridge some years since, whose name we shall call Baron, "for shortness," remarkable for the pomposity of his manner, and the mock grand eloquence of his speech. In conversation with the [illegible] was born in Maine. Being asked in what town, he replied, assuming a corresponding attitude, "Kittery and York for Baron's birth contest."

Mr. S. immediately added the following line, and very happily completed the distich—

"Fair Kittery wins, but York comes off the best."
B. Trans.

NICK AND NICK.—The Steamboats Connecticut and Victory, arrived this morning at a few minutes past 9 o'clock. We understand that the Victory was ahead of the Connecticut the length of a scupper nail. *Ib.*

"What's the matter?" inquired a passer by, a few days since, in New-Bedford, on observing a crowd collected around a black fellow, whom an officer was attempting to secure, to put on board an outward bound whale ship, from which he had deserted. "Matter! matter enough," exclaimed the delinquent; "*pressing* a poor negro to *get oil*."

A clergyman had a milk-white horse, which on account of its beautiful form he called Sion. Having ordered his horse to the door, a friend asked him where he was going: "why," said he, "*to mount Sion*."

INDOMITY COMMON SENSE.—A benevolent easy old lady of a neighboring town, noted for her charities, being called upon to aid in paying the expenses of the mission of a physician to New-York on account of the Cholera, asked, "who is going and what is he going to do?" "Why, Dr. —— and he is going to see the Cholera."—"Poh!" said she, "I have had the Cholera three times myself, and very likely may have it again this summer, and then he can learn what it is by coming to see me." We hope this woman will not be hung for a witch.—*Salem Advertiser*.

A silver mine, the ore of which is very pure has been discovered near Natchez, Miss. It is said that gold ore has been found at the same place.

Mr. Thomas Proctor, of Essex, says the Salem Gazette, killed in Essex River, by dry dock-ing them, ten very large seals. One of them weighed about 300 pounds.

INEQUITY.—The Constellation says that a Poll Tax is the duty levied on mankind for the mere privilege of wearing a head. And as females are not assessed in a Poll Tax, they should consider it as an insult to the sex, and resent it accordingly. It is as much as to say they are without heads!

The last number of the Mercury, published at Rhode Island completed the LXXI. volume of that paper, it having been commenced in 1758, by James Franklin, the eldest brother of Benjamin Franklin. It is a somewhat singular coincidence, this paper, the fourth oldest now published in the United States, was issued in Newport, for a limited period, by Franklin & Hall, while the Pennsylvania Gazette, commenced some years before, was published in this city by Benjamin Franklin and David Hall, under the firm of Franklin and Hall.—*Saturday Courier*.

Some queer fellow in Philadelphia inquires of Mr. Chandler of the Gazette, the meaning of *[illegible]*. Wine being liquid it strikes the inquiring gentleman as a little out of order to call it *dry*.—The editor's answer is very satisfactory. He says dry wine means wine imported in empty bottles.

A MAD DOG.—A mad dog was chased through Pine street on Saturday, by a large number of men and boys. At the corner of Union and Third streets he was knocked down with a brickbat, by one of his pursuers, but after rolling over upon the earth once or twice, he regained his feet and started down the street again. He turned the corner of Second street, the chase and the cry of "Mad Dog!" still kept up by hundreds. He was dispatched in a few minutes—the chances for his life being few indeed. He was a large fine looking black animal, and had bitten one or two dogs in various sections of the city. *Ib.*

[From the Constellation.]

MISTHER EDITHOR,—It's very much surprised I was at radin your account of Irish sarvants in the [illegible] the Konstillation. Now I'm a bit of an Irish sarvant myself as it were, at least I fill a bit of a place in that capacity at present-though the lord and St. Pathrick, he knows, I was brid and born a gentleman in ould Ireland, every inch o' me, and should have been to this day if I had'nt kim till this country to seek me fortune, bad luck to it!

Now in regard ye take the liberty to say a word or two consarnin the Irish blunders, I don't take none o' that to meself at all, at all. It's not the like of me, nor none of the remainder of me father's sons, that iver puts the horse afore the cart no how. We know what is what, ivery mother of the son of us, from the biggest to the greatest. And in regard ye spake of the matter of makin a bit of a bull about other paple's property, and not knowin the difference between *mum* and *tum*—Ye see I understand Lathin as well as the best of ye, having larnt the same at the French School of Monsher Parleyvoo, taicher of forrin languages in the town of Ballywhack, in ould Ireland—I say, Misther Editor, in regard to this matter ye spake of, it's not me ownself that knows any thing at all about it. Teddy McCracken's not the boy to burn his own fingers with other paple's goods and chattles, nor any other *mums* and *tums* belonging to em, at all, at all. I hope therefore, ye don't mane to include me nor any other honest gintleman in the list of them that makes such unaccountable mistakes.

With this praffis, Misther Editor, I conclude my letther, an I beg leave to superscribe myself

Yer very humble
Sarvant
to command
TEDDY McCRACKEN.

LOVE LETTERS.—The following are quite amusing, and in the estimation of a friend, needs no commentation under the present administration; it merits our admiration, and we give it without alteration, affording much recreation, and readily insert it without compensation.

Barnstable Patriot.

Madam:—

Most worthy of estimation! After long consideration and much meditation of the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of this declaration, I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station to profess my admiration, and if such oblation is worthy of observation, and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandization beyond all calculation, of the joy and exultation, of yours,

SANS DISSIMULATION.

THE REPLY:

Sir:—

I perused your oration with much deliberation and a little consternation, at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and serious contemplation, I suppose your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation to display your education by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination, though of great variation in each respective signification.

Now, without disputation, your laborious application to so tedious an occupation, deserves commendation, and thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am without hesitation, yours,

MARY MODERATION.

A RESOLUTE BOY.—On Thursday while a number of lads were playing on a pile of boards near Pine and Eight streets, one of them, about 12 years of age fell to the ground and broke his arm. This produced some lamentation on his part, and much condolence from his play-mates. After a few moments, the little fellow wiped his eyes, and pointing to the hospital, said, "I'll go over there, and have this arm mended." And accordingly over he went, and in a short time, was seen issuing from the gate with his broken limb well set, and handsomely splintered.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Commodore Porter has sent from Constantinople to Mr. Skinner, of Baltimore, the seed of the Gund-a-ghad, a rare tree which he describes as [illegible] pletely covered with [illegible] delightful fragrance. It is a native of Persia.

VILLANY.—James M. Carter, who was convicted about two months ago of robbing the City Hotel, sentenced to the State Prison, and a few days since received a pardon from the Governor, was arrested on Tuesday the 24th for robbing a Mr. Johnson in Murray-street, and committed to take his trial at the next term. The gentleman robbed was instrumental in getting said Carter his pardon.—*Gazette*.

Eliza Freeman, a colored woman, sentenced to death for the murder of her husband, was executed in the neighborhood of Mount Holly, N. J. on 20th. From three to five thousand spectators were present. A correspondent of the Mount Holly Mirror says—"On arriving at the gallows the culprit ascended the scaffold with an unusually firm step, and was followed by the Sheriff and the Rev. Mr. Budd, the latter of whom delivered a very appropriate and affecting discourse and prayer, in which he stated, among other things, that the prisoner appeared perfectly willing to die, as she had just told him that she "would rather die than live any longer," and that she had made a full confession, which she wished published, &c.—The criminal then kneeled on the scaffold, and offered up a most fervent prayer, by which she prayed that the Lord would protect her children, mother, brothers and sisters; and earnestly requested the multitude assembled, to beware of the evil of intemperance, as that was the cause of the rash act she had committed. At about twenty minutes past two the scaffold dropped, and she was precipitated into eternity, and apparently died without a struggle."

QUIZZING GLASSES.—None are so blind as those who will not see. We admire, of all things, the pretty dexterity with which nameless damsels of an intermediate age sport their glasses, particularly in churches and crowded assemblies, since flirting fans has been voted decidedly vulgar and anti-eighteen hundred-and-thirty-two ish. It is marvellous how readily one can recognize a dear friend, even at a great distance, when it requires a telescope to observe a stranger at our elbow.

Nothing is more delightful, of all the graceful impertinences which characterize the amiable Miss Bloudiace, than the extatic pleasure—the ineffable contempt—the semblance of admiration—and the look of ignorance—they have acquired the happy faculty of assuming, since their osier necks first bent beneath the weight of gold chains and quizzing glasses. What a terrible misfortune is theirs! To be able, with the naked eye, to distinguish every shade in a bonnet riband, from the South East to the North West corner of the Church, and yet is totally unable to decide whether the lady in the next pew is Circassian or Ethiopian,—or the clergyman in the pulpit, Orthodox or Heterodox, married or single, without squinting at them through a bit of chrystal. It is a great pity, truly:—so young—so beautiful—so sensible—yet so unhappily short-sighted—were it not for the sympathy lavished on the elegant quizzities, they would certainly die—and there an end.

Transcript.

POMPOUS LANGUAGE.—A person who kept a ferry on the Potomac river, was fond of pompous language, and in common discourse used it to such a degree, that few people understood the meaning. A gentleman inquiring his father's health, he answered as follows:—

"Sir, the intense frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere had so congealed the pellucid aqueous fluid of the enormous river Potomac, that with the most eminent and superlative reluctance, I was constrained to procrastinate my premeditated egress into the palatine province of Maryland, for the medical, chemical and galenical coadjutancy and co-operation of a distinguished sensitive son of Esculapius, until the peccant, deleterious matter of the arthritis had pervaded the cranium, into which it had ascended and penetrated from the inferior pedestrical major digit of my paternal relative in consanguinity, whereby his morbosity was magnified so exorbitantly as to exhibit an absolute extinguishment of vivification."

LEAVES FROM MRS. TROLLOPE'S JOURNAL.

CHAPTER II.

New-York Ladies—Pigs—Fine Arts—Fashionable Parties—Literature.

One of the oddest peculiarities in the manners of their ladies is their immoderate familiarity. To me these signs of the levelling principle were strongly offensive. A New-York belle, of the very first circles, upon being introduced to a stranger, takes all the liberty of an old friend. I was made acquainted with one of the *elite*, a daughter of General ——. From her pretty appearance, and really prepossessing voice, I did not at least apprehend any personal violence; and from the extreme neatness of her attire, (doubtless copied from the pictures in the London periodicals,) and the elegance of her poor little feet, which I did not then know were pinched up within shoes not half large enough, I could almost have fancied myself in the presence of one of my own fair countrywomen. But, alas! her first salutation brought me back to the reality. She hauled up alongside of me with a true nautical air, and fetching me such a slap on my shoulders as I shall not easily forget, she exclaimed,

"How are you, my old woman? I'm glad to see you in these here parts. How do you like our country?"

I positively thought she would presently ask for some of "Lorrilard's best tobacco," a weed here universally used by all ages, sexes and classes. My daughters clung tremblingly to me, and, indeed, it took some time to allay their youthful and natural fears.

Among the ill-dressed bipeds whom you meet in a walk through the city, are large numbers of—hogs. My readers will excuse me for naming these latter individuals to refined ears, but I could not avoid doing so without suffering myself to forego much of the fidelity of description. These hogs have truly an American appearance. I have subjoined a sketch of a large one, which I met one day at the corner of Broadway and Park-place, exactly in the central scene of their fashion and beauty. A select circle have been for many years endeavoring to release themselves from this burthen, and numerous public meetings and petitions to Congress were "got up," as their phrase is, in order to put an end to an evil at once so disagreeable and dangerous. But it has all turned out in smoke. When an American can make money, he will act; but when the only object proposed to him is fame, or the pleasing consciousness of having performed a virtuous action, he draws his purse-strings more closely, and his heart freezes to an icy avarice.—The importance of this theme to their happiness must not be measured only by its offensiveness, but also by its peril; as lives are often lost in conflicts between them and the citizens.

The state of the fine arts, throughout the whole country, is dreadful. Having no libraries, and, indeed, scarcely any rooms, they never think of preserving, within doors, either their own choice paintings, or those which accidentally reach them from abroad. They are content with hanging them up on the outside of their houses, where they serve as signs. There is a superb head, by Michael Angelo, before Mr. Wiley's book-store, in Wall-street; and another over the door of the Shakspeare hotel, corner of John and Nassau streets. The natives do not appear in the least conscious of their value. There is, or was, also a very accurate and beautifully painted head of my friend the Marquis La Fayette perched up over a tavern and garden in Broadway, near Prince-street. I was shocked at such a sacrilegious apathy on a subject which always kindles my imagination to rapture. [illegible] would pity the depth of ignorance and sorrow to which his once flourishing colonies have sunk, since they abandoned his paternal care for the mere gratification of wearing long napped hats over their left eyes, and of bowing down to tweedle-dum instead of tweedle-dee.

It was my custom to go immediately up to my room, after having had any conversation with a native, and to set it down while all the phrases were fresh in my memory. One night Mr. M., one of the very first men, not only in the city, but in the whole Union, invited me to tea, for ladies here are never invited to dinner. Having called a hack, I went—but soon found, to my great distress, that I had left my pencil and blank memorandum-book behind. I thought, however, that I had no time to lose, as he had particularly told me in the morning that if I were not punctual to a minute I should get nothing to eat, for that he "never put himself out of the way for no man, nor no woman neither"—he guessed. On entering a room, which was indeed quite prettily furnished, almost reminding us of those delightful apartments we had occupied amid the glories of London, we found ourselves in a scene strange and laughable enough. We, however, preserved our gravity, unwilling to wound the feelings of our host. The apartment was nearly filled with young people of both sexes. The females were a crowd of poor sickly things—rouged and powdered to the eyes, and their feet all squeezed up. These were huddled together by themselves in one corner. In the other were the young men, consisting, I suppose, of the lawyers, doctors, ministers, &c. They were all in black, with white vests and cravats, their hair curled, their fingers thrust, not without considerable difficulty I warrant, into kid gloves, which every moment looked as though they would explode and reveal the signs of republican labor.

After sitting in this way about two hours, sadly put to it to keep from laughing, the lady of the house asked Mr. Jackson if he had any *noos* (news.) "No, ma'am, I haint got no noos," said Mr. Jackson, who I found was a colonel in the militia, and one of the first lawyers in the city, and also the editor of a review. Anxious to ascertain something on the subject of democratical literature, I seized the earliest opportunity to address him, and at length succeeded in drawing him out, although he unstarched very laboriously. When he was so far acquainted with me as to reply to my interrogatories without a stare, I asked him,

"What do you think of Pope?"

"Who? old woman?" he asked, with a puzzled air.

"Of Pope," reiterated I, "Pope, the poet."

"Well, really, I never heard much about him; but *Spelling* is my favorite—he's so satirical. I had rather read one line from him than a whole book full of Popes."

"Shakspeare," said I, "is quite highly considered among us."

"Oh, ma'am!" he said, "nobody here would dare to confess they had read Shakspeare, he is so vulgar. I would never put such an indecent author into the hands of my family."

"Moore. Is he read?"

"I'll tell you what, old woman," (every body here called me old woman,) if you want to keep from being mobbed in the streets you had better take care how you speak of Moore. When he was in this country he abused us; and my opinion is that if he was caught this side the big pond," (meaning the Atlantic,) "he would be tarred and feathered in less than no time."

I cannot close this chapter without one anecdote respecting the aristocracy existing here, notwithstanding the parade of the levelling system, and the constant deeply disgusting fiddle-faddle and scribble-scrabble about democracy, and the laughable dogma that "men were born equal," which fatal error, I believe, originally came from that licentious, abandoned, cruel, and detestable tyrant, Jefferson. A poor, deluded citizen opened a really comfortable hotel in Broadway, opposite the Park, and called it "Mechanics' Hotel." He started with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, but sunk every cent before a solitary guest came to enjoy his good fare and well furnished rooms. At last, at the suggestion of some one who knew the character of the people, he altered the offensive title of "Mechanics' Hotel" to "Park-place *Palace*," which immediately filled his apartments with the highest circles. The blacksmith-generals and shoemaker-commodores crowded around him, so that he not only redeemed his losses, but in a few years added so greatly to his fortune as to purchase the state of New-Jersey, and lay it out for public pleasure grounds. The gentleman's name is Stevens. He has also hired the North River, and runs the steamboat. I soon had occasion to find that where their interest was concerned, all the inhabitants of New-York were totally destitute of probity, except three persons, who lent me at separate times fifty dollars, and two or three others who allowed my companion, the painter, to take their likenesses in payment of board, washing, &c. *New-York Mirror.*

We give below a detailed and faithful account of the late EPSOM RACES, condensed from the last number of Bell's Life in London. As the time in which the several races were run is not given, we cannot determine positively whether the general character of the racing was superior to that which comes off on the great courses in our own country; but from the general complexion of the account, we should certainly infer that it was not, and that there was no running, except for the Derby Stakes, which could be regarded as at all extraordinary. But we will let the account speak for itself.

EPSOM RACES.

These, the most popular of the 'Metropolitan' races commenced on Tuesday, June 5th, and we are happy to state were more numerously as well as more fashionably attended than is usual on the first day.

[After remarking at length on the appearance of the course, and the merits of the several officers under whose management it is opened, the editor proceeds with the account of the racing as follows:]

TUESDAY.

The Craven Stakes of 10 sovereigns each: distance a mile and a quarter: weight according to age—3 year olds 8l lbs.

Mr. Vansittart's ch c Rubini, 4 yrs	1
Sir R. Dick's Miss Mary Anne, 3 yrs	2
Mr. Watson's br c Mayboy 3 yrs	3

Mr. Monroe's Ambrosia, 3 yrs, and eight other colts were also started, but were not placed.

Betting 7 to 4 against [illegible] 2 against Mary Anne, and 4 to 1 against Ambrosia.

After two false starts, Ambrosia came away in front at a rattling pace, seconded by Salute, the others keeping on the reserve to Tottenham Corner, where Salute failed in an attempt to get up, and the rest immediately after got in a cluster close at the heels of Ambrosia, Rubini and Mayboy being immediately next her. Ambrosia continued in front to the distance, when she gave up; Rubini instantly took her place, with Mayboy close behind; Miss Mary Anne waiting with great patience till opposite the Stand, where she made a vigorous push for the race. She managed to pass Mayboy, but was beaten cleverly by Rubini by a length.

The next race was for the Shirley Stakes of 25 sovereigns each, for three year old colts, carrying 119 lbs.—fillies 3 lbs. less; distance one mile—8 subscribers.

Col. Peel's Archibald	1
Mr. Dockeray's Runnymede	2
Sir G. Heathcote's Damascus	3
Lord Anesbury's Margaret, by Phantom	4
Mr. [illegible]'s Rainbow	5

Betting 6 to 4 on Archibald, 4 to 1 against Runnymede, and 4 to 1 against Damascus. The latter made running at a great pace, with Margaret well laid up, and the others two or three lengths astern. There was no change of consequence till the horses got near the distance, when Margaret and Rainbow were beaten off. Archibald and Runnymede then closed upon Damascus, and ran nearly abreast to the stand, at which point Archibald let out, was never afterwards caught, and won rather cleverly by half a length. The race was severe for the second place.

The remainder of the day was devoted to minor stakes and match races, altogether inferior in interest to the preceding.

WEDNESDAY.

The course was again numerously and fashionably attended. The races came off thus:

The Ewell Stakes of 5 sovereigns each and 20 added: 1 mile: 10 subscribers.

Sir R. Dick's Miss Mary Anne, 3 yrs	1
Mr. Forbes's ch m Victoire, 4 yrs	2
Mr. Thompson's b f Chastity, 3 yrs	3

The other seven were not placed.

Betting 2 to 1 against Mary Anne, 5 to 2 against Victoire. Miss Mary Anne made running all the way, at her best pace, and won easy by a length.

The Gold Cup (value 140 sovereigns) by subscriptions of 10 sovereigns each, and 20 added: 2 miles; the winner to be sold for £250.

Mr. Dickenson's ch h Lawn Sleeves, 6 yrs	1
Sir G. Heathcote's b c Ferdousi, 4 yrs	2

Eight others not placed.

Betting 10 to 1 against Lawn Sleeves—being greater odds than were offered against any other horse. Won by a length.

The Woodcot Stakes of 30 sovereigns each, h f, for two year old colts; half a mile: 9 subscribers.

Col. Peel's b c Young Rapid	1
Lord Egremont's f out of Harpalice	2

Five others started, not placed.

Betting 6 to 4 against Young Rapid, 3 to 1 against Harpalice.

Three or four false starts occurred before the horses got off; but when once away, the affair was soon decided, for Young Rapid and Harpalice were in front all the way, the colt winning very cleverly by a length, being his third success this season.

The Epsom Town Plate of £50, mile heats; free to all horses with proportionate allowance of weight; the winner to be sold for £150.

Mr. Sadler's [illegible], 4 years	0	1	1
[illegible] Stradbroke's [illegible] 3 yrs	1	2	2
[illegible] 4 yrs	0	4	2
[illegible] Mr. Waylett 3 yrs	0	3	dr
Sir G. Heathcote's [illegible] 3 yrs	2	dr	
Mr. W. [illegible] Hampstead 3 yrs	3	dr	
[illegible]	0	dr	
[illegible]	0	dr	

The [illegible]

THE DERBY DAY.

This being the most attractive day, London as usual, poured forth its throngs; and though the course [illegible] with the presence of any [illegible] family, nor yet with that of [illegible] of the nobility and the fashion [illegible] to grace the festivities, yet the [illegible] humor of the company seemed [illegible].

...tial and fashion... visit at the seat ... —, in England. ...s, the lady had ... which, not so... ...ordship's estab... ...t absence from ... morning, how... her appearance ...His Lordship, on ... salutation took ...writing in them ... him, and said, ...ndum concerns ...ord G. immedi... ...ich she read the ...i now a morning

...d depredations in ...f and devouring ...day, April 27, it ...le of a house, by ... although a ser... ...and. On Tues... ...t on a cage, and ...led a canary be... ...ned to her room ... the mortification ...l away, to whom ... A few days after ...ant into the mid... ...s adroitly clasp...

...h at a huckster's ...a'poth of tea—a ...read—a ... ...t le, and ... mother...

...The Landers in ...d by the rude cu... ...t suffocated them ...r tents. On com... ...e chief of one vil... and kill a few ...ghter as many as ...t off the heads of ...molest you."

...water, Eng. caught ...ne 2d, weighing ...captured with the ...posed to be the ...e with this deep...

...for the birth of ma... Wellington, Wal... ...ateaubriand, and ..., when the star of ...enith. The most ...dists, poets and ... in the same year, ...teaubriand, none

...n ambassador to ...marked—" This is ... of my ancestors ... on which the en... ...e ambassadors did

...the Shrewsbury, ...y to affect some of ..., on Wednesday, ...vere deciding the ...ble interfered, and ...s grasp, ran to the ...ashed each other ...constable! A vast ... Bridge to witness

...is the spirit of op... ...ors of two rival ...vertised to carry ...following fares:— ...side, ditto!" This ...ar as it would go; ...to be discouraged, ... placards, stating ...ssengers at the fol... ...ide, ditto!"

...England, one ball ...he captain of the ...ng rather wide, en... ...get, as less liable to ...se.

...asting that in his ...ssed every where, ... great in Europe, ...elles," said one of ...eplied he, "I dined ...nd them to be very

...f King's Printer, in ... clear profit to the ..., and never produces ... £12,000.

...treets of Paris it is ...an 150 journeymen ...wounded.

...Opera House, Lon... ...of the German com... ...e of the pit, where ...l him to stand, ...ped, as he thought, ...chest upon which a ... exclaimed—"Pray ...t's my wooden leg."

...a writer in the Me... ...d only one story and ...s difficulty was to in... ...it last succeeded, by ...sitting after dinner, ...able and create a lol... ...less me! what's that ...ing about guns," and

...we a shining mark ...a few months past— ...ethe, Cuvier, Cham... ..., Serullas, Lamarque

... half dozen "green ... board a merchant ves... ...ing their appearance on ...of "all hands" the ...way and hailed them, ...se often used on such

...concluded!" ...led to let the seal loose...

...returning from a fair ...when a pig found him ...oath. Sawney roared ...! Ye see what it is to ...ses."

...of the snow in New ...inches deep, when a ...e credit of his state to ...darn it, we don't pre... ...unt till it is three years

...Only 108 dogs were ...ing the week ending on

... At Sacketts Har... ...tive regulations consist... ...r pounder.

... that a steamboat was ...ties to prevent the ap... ...t was pounds of black car... ...l onion.

...Two black bears, supposed ...lphia, were driven out ..., N. J. in some rock... ...rock, on the 21st of July ...e fright to escape the ... plunged into deep wa... ...were waylaid and drowned.

DOMESTIC.

A Fourth of July toast given "Down East."—"The Tree of Liberty—May its roots go down to earth's centre, its lofty summit reach the skies and its spreading branches shade creation."

[Such a tree would make an everlasting sight of shingles.]

At a recent celebration in Duxbury Co. Mass. the following toast was drunk:—

"By G. Bradford, Esq.—*The Ladies.*—They kiss us when we are young, cherish us when we are old—*may we do as we are done by.*"

Going Snacks.—Jonathan and his gal, one Sunday night, were piteously bewailing their inability to attend a ball which was to be in their neighborhood. At last Jonathan jumped up as if struck with a cannon-ball. "Sue," says he, "I've nabbed a thought—just throw in fifty cents of *your ashes money*, I'll hire out with Squire Botheram, and git fifty cents more added to it, and then we'll buy a ticket and *go snacks*, and shave it down like John. Sue, 'tis no more than fair, you should pay half: you needn't look so grouty."

Cheap Living.—You haint got no more cold victuals for me, is you? said a beggar boy whose basket was well charged with the fat of the land. "I've given you enough already," replied the citizen; "what do you want with so much cold meat?" "Oh, I doesn't want it myself, but my mammy keeps a boarding-house, and she expects some *visitors* to day, so I thought as how you mought help her out."

A jolly son of Neptune passing through Broad street one day last week, saw a woman standing in a door, whom he hailed in the following manner:—"I say, ma'am, do you take boarders?" "Yes," replied the dame. "Well then let us see you take one," said the tar.

Interesting to Hog-owners.—The owner of every swine running at large, is made subject to a fine of $5 for each offence, any person is at liberty to drive them to the public pound, where, not claimed within five days and all charges paid, they are to be sold at auction for the payment of the fine and costs. If claimed, of course the fine and costs will be paid by the claimant. [N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

[What does he get for his trouble, who drives the stray swine to the pound.]

Pugnacious. There has been a fight editorial in Union co. Pa., between a Ritner and a Wolf editor—not a war of words in which more ink is wasted than blood, but a real bona fide, 'rough and tumble,' in which no regard was paid to the peepers or skin, upon which marks were visible next morning. We hope this is not a sign of the times.

Weary pursuits. Some people think it very strange that a great man, famous for *fasting*, should now think of *fasting*. It is time he had changed his diet, but his principles remain the same; he has always been playing *fast* and *loose*.

Any thing in Reason.—Go up and hand the royal, said an officer on ship board to a boy, who had never before "swam the salt pond." It was in the night. Sir! answered the lad inquiringly. The officer repeated the order. Any thing in reason, captain, any thing in reason, said the boy, but as to climbing them rope ladders such a dark night as this, I shan't do it!

A Good'un to Go.—A jockey having a very fine trotter to dispose of, and in order to give the purchaser a faint idea of his speed, related the following: "That going with a friend in a chaise on a short excursion in the country, and shortly after starting, his friend inquired of him, what grave-yard they were passing? Grave-yard, said he, why it's only the mile-stones."

Disputed Birthplace. There was a tutor at Cambridge some years since, whose name we shall call Baron, "for shortness," remarkable for the pomposity of his manner, and the mock grand eloquence of his speech. In conversation with the ... was born in Maine. Being asked in what town, he replied, assuming a corresponding attitude,

"Kittery and York for Baron's birth contest."

Mr. S. immediately added the following line, and very happily completed the distich:

"Fair Kittery wins, but York comes off the best."

B. Times.

Neck and Neck. The Steamboats Connecticut and Victory arrived this morning at a few minutes past 9 o'clock. We understand that the Victory was ahead of the Connecticut the length of a scupper nail. *Ib.*

"What's the matter?" inquired a passer by, a few days since, in New-Bedford, on observing a crowd collected around a black fellow, whom an officer was attempting to secure, to put on board an outward bound whale-ship, from which he had deserted. "Matter! matter enough," exclaimed the delinquent; "*pressing* a poor negro to *get oil*."

A clergyman had a milk white horse, which on account of its beautiful form he called Sion. Having ordered his horse to the door, a friend asked him where he was going: "why," said he, "to *mount Sion*."

Improper Common Sense. A benevolent easy old lady of a neighboring town, noted for her charities, being called upon to aid in paying the expenses of the mission of a physician to New-York on account of the Cholera, asked, "who is going and what is he going to do?" "Why, Dr. —— and he is going to see the Cholera." "Poh!" said she, "I have had the Cholera three times myself and very likely may have it again this summer, and then he can learn what it is by coming to see me." We hope this woman will not be hung for a witch.—*Salem Advertiser.*

A silver mine, the ore of which is very pure has been discovered near Natchez, Miss. It is said that gold ore has been found at the same place.

Mr. Thomas Proctor, of Essex, says the Salem Gazette, killed in Essex River, by dry docking them, ten very large seals. One of them weighed about 300 pounds.

Insulting. The Constellation says that a Poll Tax is the duty levied on mankind for the *mere* privilege of wearing a head. And as females are not assessed in a Poll Tax, they should consider it as an insult to the sex, and resent it accordingly. It is as much as to say they are without heads!

The last number of the Mercury, published at Rhode Island, completed the LXXI volume of that paper, it having been commenced in 1758, by James Franklin, the eldest brother of Benjamin Franklin. It is a somewhat singular coincidence, this paper, the fourth oldest now published in the United States, was issued in Newport, for a limited period by Franklin & Hall, while the Pennsylvania Gazette, commenced some years before, was published in this city by Benjamin Franklin and David Hall, under the firm of Franklin and Hall.—*Saturday Courier.*

Some queer fellow in Philadelphia ... of Mr. Chandler of the Gazette, the meaning of ... Wine being liquid it strikes the inquiring ... as a little out of order to call it dry.— ... The editor's answer is very satisfactory. He says dry wine means wine imported in empty ladles.

A Mad Dog. A mad dog was chased through Union street on Saturday, by a large number of men and boys. At the corner of Union and Third streets he was knocked down with a brick-bat by one of his pursuers, but after rolling over upon the earth once or twice, he regained his feet and started down the street again. He turned the corner of ... street, the chase and the cry of "Mad Dog!" kept up the hue and cry. He was ... in a few minutes the chances for his life being few indeed. He was a large, fine looking black animal, and had bitten one, or two dogs in various sections of the city. *Ib.*

[From the Constellation.]

Mister Editor.—It's very much surprised I was at radin your account of Irish sarvants in the paper called the Konstillation. Now I'm a bit of an Irish sarvant myself, as it were; at least I fill a bit of a place in that capacity at prisent—though the lord and St. Pathrick, he knows, I was bred and born a gintleman in ould Ireland every inch o' me, and should have been to this day if I had'nt kum till this country to seek me fortune, bad luck to it!

Now in regard ye take the liberty to say a word or two consarnin the Irish blunders, I don't take none of that to meself at all, at all. It's not the like of me, nor none of the remainder of me father's sons, that iver puts the horse afore the cart no how. We know what is what, ivery mother of the son of us, from the biggest to the greatest. And in regard ye spake of the matter of makin a bit of a bull about other paple's property, and not knowin the difference between *mum* and *tum*—Ye see I understand Lathin as well as the best of ye, having larnt the same at the French School of Monsher Parlevvoo, taicher of forrin languages in the town of Ballywhack, in ould Ireland—I say, Misther Editor, in regard to this matter ye spake of, it's not me ownself that knows any thing at all about it. Teddy McCracken's not the boy to burn his oun fingers with other paple's goods and chattles, nor any other *mums* and *tums* belonging to em, at all, at all. I hope therefore, ye don't mane to include me nor any other honest gintleman in the list of them that makes such unaccountable mistakes.

With this praffis, Misther Editor, I conclude my letther, and beg leave to superscribe myself

Yer very humble
Sarvant
to command
TEDDY McCRACKEN.

Love Letters.—The following are quite amusing; and in the estimation of a friend, needs no commentation under the present administration; it merits our admiration, and we give it without alteration, affording much recreation, and readily insert it without compensation.

Barnstable Patriot.

Madam:—

Most worthy of estimation! After long consideration and much meditation of the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of this declaration, I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station to profess my admiration, and if such oblation is worthy of observation, and can obtain commisseration, it will be an aggrandization beyond all calculation, of the joy and exultation, of yours,

Sans Dissimulation.

The Reply:

Sir:—

I perused your oration with much deliberation and a little consternation, at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and serious contemplation, I suppose your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation to display your education by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination though of great variation in each respective signification.

Now, without disputation, your laborious application, to so tedious an occupation, deserves commendation, and thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am without hesitation, yours,

Mary Moderation.

A Resolute Boy. On Thursday while a number of lads were playing on a pile of boards near Pine and Eight streets, one of them, about 12 years of age fell to the ground and broke his arm. This produced some lamentation on his part, and much condolence from his play-mates. After a few moments, the little fellow wiped his eyes, and pointing to the hospital, said, "I'll go over there, and have this arm mended." And accordingly over he went, and in a short time, was seen issuing from the gate with his broken limb well set, and handsomely splintered.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Commodore Porter has sent from Constantinople to Mr. Skinner, of Baltimore, the seed of the Gual-a-ghad, a rare tree which he describes as pletely covered with ... flowers of delightful fragrance. It is a native of Persia.

Villany.—James M. Carter, who was convicted about two months ago of robbing the City Hotel, sentenced to the State Prison, and a few days since received a pardon from the Governor, was arrested on Tuesday the 24th for robbing a Mr. Johnson in Murray-street, and committed to take his trial at the next term. The gentleman robbed was instrumental in getting said Carter his pardon.—*Gazette.*

Eliza Freeman, a colored woman, sentenced to death for the murder of her husband, was executed in the neighborhood of Mount Holly, N. J. on 20th. From three to five thousand spectators were present. A correspondent of the Mount Holly Mirror says:—"On arriving at the gallows the culprit ascended the scaffold with an unusually firm step, and was followed by the Sheriff and the Rev. Mr. Budd, the latter of whom delivered a very appropriate and affecting discourse and prayer, in which he stated, among other things, that the prisoner appeared perfectly willing to die, as she had just told him that she "would rather die than live any longer," and that she had made a full confession, which she wished published, &c. The criminal then kneeled on the scaffold, and offered up a most fervent prayer, by which she prayed that the Lord would protect her children, mother, brothers and sisters; and earnestly requested the multitude assembled, to beware of the evil of intemperance, as that was the cause of the rash act she had committed. At about twenty minutes past two the scaffold dropped, and she was precipitated into eternity, and apparently died without a struggle."

Quizzing Glasses. None are so blind as those who will not see. We admire, of all things, the pretty dexterity with which nameless damsels of an intermediate age sport their glasses, particularly in churches and crowded assemblies, since flirting fans has been voted decidedly vulgar and anti-eighteen hundred and thirty two-ish. It is marvellous how readily one can recognize a dear friend, even at a great distance, when it requires a telescope to observe a stranger at our elbow.

Nothing is more delightful, of all the graceful impertinences which characterize the amiable Misses Blondlace, than the extatic pleasure—the ineffable contempt—the semblance of admiration—and the look of ignorance—they have acquired the happy faculty of ...ning, since their oster necks first bent beneath the weight of gold chains and quizzing glasses. What a terrible misfortune is theirs! To be able, with the naked eye, to distinguish every shade in a bonnet riband, from the South East to the North West corner of the Church, and yet be totally unable to decide whether the lady in the next pew is Circassian or Ethiopian, or the clergyman in the pulpit, Orthodox or Heterodox, married or single, without squinting at them through a bit of chrystal. It is a great pity truly—so young—so beautiful—so sensible—yet so unhappily short sighted—were it not for the sympathy lavished on the elegant quizzes, they would certainly die—and there an end.

Transcript.

Pompous Language.—A person who kept a ferry on the Potomac river, was fond of pompous language, and in common discourse used it to such a degree, that few people understood the meaning. A gentleman inquiring his father's health, he answered as follows:—

"Sir, the intense frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere has so congealed the pellucid aqueous fluid of the enormous river Potomac, that with the most eminent and superlative reluctance, I was constrained to procrastinate my premeditated egress into the palatinate province of Maryland, for the medical, chemical and galenical coadjutancy and co-operation of a distinguished sensitive son of Esculapius, until the potent, deleterious, and ... of the asthma had pervaded the cranium, into which it had ascended and penetrated from the inferior pedestrian major digit of my paternal relative in consanguinuity, whereby his morbosity was magnified so exorbitantly as to exhibit an absolute extinguishment of vivification."

LEAVES FROM MRS. TROLLOPE'S JOURNAL.

CHAPTER II.

New-York Ladies—Pigs—Fine Arts—F... able Parties—Literature.

One of the oddest peculiarities in the manners of their ladies is their immediate familiarity. To me these signs of the levelling principle were strongly offensive. A New-York belle, of the very first circles, upon being introduced to a stranger, takes all the liberty of an old friend. I was made acquainted with one of the *elite*, a daughter of General ——. From her pretty appearance, and really prepossessing voice, I did not at least apprehend any personal violence; and from the extreme neatness of her attire, (doubtless copied from the pictures in the London periodicals,) and the elegance of her poor little feet, which I did not then know were pinched up within shoes not half large enough, I could almost have fancied myself in the presence of one of my own fair countrywomen. But, alas! her first salutation brought me back to the reality. She hauled up alongside of me with a true nautical air, and fetching me such a slap on my shoulders as I shall not easily forget, she exclaimed,

"How are you, my old woman? I'm glad to see you in these here parts. How do you like our country?"

I positively thought she would presently ask for some of "Lorrillard's best tobacco," a weed here universally used by all ages, sexes and classes. My daughters clung tremblingly to me, and, indeed, it took some time to allay their youthful and natural fears.

Among the ill-dressed bipeds whom you meet in a walk through the city, are large numbers of—hogs. My readers will excuse me for naming these latter individuals to refined ears, but I could not avoid doing so without suffering myself to forego much of the fidelity of description. These hogs have truly an American appearance. I have subjoined a sketch of a large one, which I met one day at the corner of Broadway and Park-place, exactly in the central scene of their fashion and beauty. A select circle have been for many years endeavoring to release themselves from this burthen, and numerous public meetings and petitions to Congress were "got up," as their phrase is, in order to put an end to an evil at once so disagreeable and dangerous. But it has all turned out in smoke. When an American can make money, he will act; but when the only object proposed to him is fame, or the pleasing consciousness of having performed a virtuous action, he draws his purse-strings more closely, and his heart freezes to an icy avarice.—The importance of this theme to their happiness must not be measured only by its offensiveness, but also by its peril; as lives are often lost in conflicts between them and the citizens.

The state of the fine arts, throughout the whole country, is dreadful. Having no libraries, and, indeed, scarcely any rooms, they never think of preserving, within doors, either their own choice paintings, or those which accidentally reach them from abroad. They are content with hanging them up on the outside of their houses, where they serve as signs. There is a superb head, by Michael Angelo, before Mr. Wiley's book-store, in Wall-street; and another over the door of the Shakspeare hotel, corner of John and Nassau streets. The natives do not appear in the least conscious of their value. There is, or was, also a very accurate and beautifully painted head of my friend the Marquis La Fayette perched up over a tavern and garden in Broadway, near Prince-street. I was shocked at such a sacrilegious apathy on a subject which always kindles my imagination to rapture. ... would pity the depth of ignorance and sorrow to which his once flourishing colonies have sunk, since they abandoned his paternal care for the mere gratification of wearing long napped hats over their left eyes, and of bowing down to tweedle-dum instead of tweedle-dee.

It was my custom to go immediately up to my room, after having had any conversation with a native, and to set it down while all the phrases were fresh in my memory. One night Mr. M., one of the very first men, not only in the city, but in the whole Union, invited me to tea, for ladies here are never invited to dinner. Having called a hack, I went—but soon found, to my great distress, that I had left my pencil and blank memorandum-book behind. I thought, however, that I had no time to lose, as he had particularly told me in the morning that if I were not punctual to a minute I should get nothing to eat, for that he "never put himself out of the way for no man, nor no woman neither"—he guessed. On entering a room, which was indeed quite prettily furnished, almost reminding us of those delightful apartments we had occupied amid the glories of London, we found ourselves in a scene strange and laughable enough. We, however, preserved our gravity, unwilling to wound the feelings of our host. The apartment was nearly filled with young people of both sexes. The females were a crowd of poor sickly things—rouged and powdered to the eyes, and their feet all squeezed up. These were huddled together by themselves in one corner. In the other were the young men, consisting, I suppose, of the lawyers, doctors, ministers, &c. They were all in black, with white vests and cravats, their hair curled, their fingers thrust, not without considerable difficulty I warrant, into kid gloves, which every moment looked as though they would explode and reveal the signs of republican labor.

After sitting in this way about two hours, sadly put to it to keep from laughing, the lady of the house asked Mr. Jackson if he had any *noos* (news.) "No, ma'am, I haint got no noos," said Mr. Jackson, who I found was a colonel in the militia, and one of the first lawyers in the city, and also the editor of a review. Anxious to ascertain something on the subject of democratical literature, I seized the earliest opportunity to address him, and at length succeeded in drawing him out, although he unstarched very laboriously. When he was so far acquainted with me as to reply to my interrogatories without a stare, I asked him,

"What do you think of Pope?"

"Who? old woman?" he asked, with a puzzled air.

"Of Pope," reiterated I, "Pope, the poet."

"Well, really, I never heard much about him; but *Snelling* is my favorite—he's so satirical. I had rather read one line from him than a whole book full of Popes."

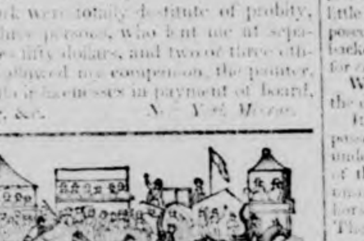
"Shakspeare," said I, "is quite highly considered among us."

"Oh, ma'am!" he said, "nobody here would dare to confess they had read Shakspeare, he is so vulgar. I would never put such an indecent author into the hands of my family."

"Moore. Is he read?"

"I'll tell you what, old woman," (everybody here called me old woman,) "if you want to keep from being mobbed in the streets you had better take care how you speak of Moore. When he was in this country, he abused us, and my opinion is that if he was catched this side the big pond," (meaning the Atlantic) "he would be tarred and feathered ... as a ... to ...

I cannot close this chapter without one anecdote, ... the aristocracy existing here, notwithstanding the parade of the levelling ... and the constant deeply ... meetings, hubble-bubble and scribble-cribble about democracy, and the laughable dogma that "all men were born equal," which fatal error, I believe, originally came from that benighted, abandoned, cruel and detestable tyrant, Jefferson. A poor, deluded creature opened a really comfortable hotel in Broadway, opposite the Park, and called it "Mechanics' Hotel." He started with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, but sunk every cent before a solitary guest came to enjoy his good fare and well furnished rooms. At last, at the suggestion of some one who knew the character of the people, he altered the offensive title of "Mechanics' Hotel" to "Park-place *Palace*," which immediately filled his apartments with the highest circles. The blacksmith-generals and shoemaker-commodores crowded around him, so that he not only retrieved his losses, but in a few years added so greatly to his fortune as to purchase the state of New-Jersey, and lay it out for public pleasure grounds. The gentleman's name is Stevens. He has also hired the North River, and runs the steamboat. I soon had occasion to find that where their interest was concerned, all the inhabitants of New-York were totally destitute of probity, except three persons, who lent me at separate times fifty dollars, and two or three others who allowed me compensation, the painter, to take their likenesses in payment of board, washing, &c. *N. Y. Mirror.*



We give below a detailed and faithful account of the late Epsom Races, condensed from the last number of Bell's Life in London. As the time in which the several races were run is not given, we cannot determine positively whether the general character of the racing was superior to that which comes off on the great courses in our own country; but from the general complexion of the account, we should certainly infer that it was not, and that there was no running, except for the Derby Stakes, which could be regarded as at all extraordinary. But we will let the account speak for itself.

EPSOM RACES.

These, the most popular of the 'Metropolitan' races commenced on Tuesday, June 5th, and we are happy to state were more numerously as well as more fashionably attended than is usual on the first day.

[After remarking at length on the appearance of the course, and the merits of the several officers under whose management it is opened, the editor proceeds with the account of the racing, as follows:]

TUESDAY.

The Craven Stakes of 10 sovereigns each; distance a mile and a quarter; weight according to age—3 year olds 8st lbs.

Mr. Vansittart's ch c Rubini, 4 yrs	1
Sir R. Dick's Miss Mary Anne, 3 yrs	2
Mr. Watson's br c Mayboy 3 yrs	3

Mr Monro's Ambrosia, 3 yrs, and eight other colts were also started, but were not placed.

Betting, 7 to 4 against ... 7 to 4 against Mary Anne, and 4 to 1 against Ambrosia.

After two false starts, Ambrosia came away in front at a rattling pace, seconded by Salute, the others keeping on the reserve to Tattenham Corner, where Salute failed in an attempt to get up, and the rest ... close at the heels of Ambrosia, Rubini and Mayboy being immediately next her. Ambrosia continued in front to the distance, when she gave up; Rubini instantly took her place, with Mayboy close behind; Miss Mary Anne waiting with great patience, till opposite the Stand, where she made a vigorous push for the race. She managed to pass Mayboy, but was beaten cleverly by Rubini by a length.

The next race was for the Shirley Stakes of 25 sovereigns each for three year old colts, carrying 119 lbs.; fillies 3 lbs less; distance one mile—5 subscribers.

Col. Peel's Archibald	1
Mr. Dockeray's Runymede	2
Sir G. Heathcote's Damascus	3
Lord Ailesbury's Margaret by Phantom	4
Mr. Forth's Rainbow	5

Betting 6 to 4 on Archibald, 4 to 1 against Runymede, and 5 to 1 against Damascus. The latter came running at a great pace, with Margaret well laid up, and the others two or three lengths astern. There was no change of consequence till the horses got near the distance, when Margaret and Rainbow were beaten off. Archibald and Runymede, ... upon Damascus and ran nearly abreast to the stand, at which point Archibald ... out, was never afterwards caught, and won rather cleverly by half a length. The race was ... for the second place.

The remainder of the day was devoted to minor stakes and ... inferior ... to the preceding.

WEDNESDAY.

The course was again numerously and fashionably attended. The races came off thus:

The Epsom Stakes of 5 sovereigns each and 20 added. Fillies 10 subscribers.

Sir R. Dick's Miss Mary Anne 3 yrs	1
Mr. Forth's ch m Victoire 4 yrs	2
Mr. Thompson's b f Chastity 3 yrs	3

The others were not placed.

Betting 2 to 1 against Mary Anne, 5 to 2 against Victoire. Miss Mary Anne made running all the way at her best pace, and won easy by a length.

The Gold Cup (value 150 sovereigns) by subscription of 10 sovereigns each, and 20 added; 2 miles; the winner to be sold for £250.

Mr. Dickenson's b h Lawn Sleeves, 6 yrs	1
Sir G. Heathcote's c Fedlossi, 4 yrs	2

Eight others not placed.

Betting 10 to 1 against Lawn Sleeves—being ... offered against any other horse. Won in a fourth.

The Woodcote Stakes of 50 sovereigns each, h. f. for two year old colts, half a mile; 9 subscribers.

Col. Peel's b c Young Rapid	1
Lord Egremont's f out of Harpalice	2

Five others started, not placed.

Betting, 6 to 4 against Young Rapid, 3 to 1 against Harpalice.

Three or four false starts occurred before the horses got off, but when once away, the affair was soon decided, the Young Rapid and Harpalice were in front all the way, the colt winning ... by a length, being ... ridden.

The Epsom Town Plate £50, mile heats; ... weights.

Mr. ... 4 yrs	0 1 1	
... 3 yrs	1 2 3	
... 4 yrs	0 1 2	
... Mrs Wright 5 yrs	0 3 dr	
... 4 yrs	2 dr	
Mr. W. ... 3 yrs	3 dr	
...	0 dr	
...	dis	

The ...

THE DERBY DAY—THURSDAY.

This being the most attractive day of the races, London, as usual, poured forth its countless thousands, and though the course was not honored with the presence of any member of the Royal family, not yet with that of so large a concourse of the nobility and the fashionables as was wont to grace the festivities, yet the hilarity and good humor of the company seemed in no degree diminished.

There were occasional heavy showers during the day, which in some cases damped the finery of those who were exposed to their effects, but as they had come out with their minds made up for pleasure, there was nothing put down on their spirits, and these little ... served rather to increase than diminish their relish for the sports of the course. There was the customary variety of entertainment ... in all directions; and among the rest the gaming tables seemed to receive their full share of attention between the races, from all ranks and classes; and we even saw certain fair ... of fortune retire from their speculative experiments any thing but pleased with the result. Among other distinguished individuals whom we noticed in the Temples of Croesus was the Marquis of Londonderry, but whether he was influenced by a desire of play or was in the pursuit of game of another description, we cannot venture to say. He must have been a ... indeed, however, who could have resisted the bright eyes which shot their fires in all directions, or who could refrain from admiring the pretty ancles which occasionally tripped across the green as if disdaining the very ground on which they trod. The Marquis we believe, is a connoisseur in these matters; and from the little we saw of his judgment, we should be disposed to give him credit for good taste, and have backed him for any thing rather than an advocate for close boroughs.

We shall now proceed to describe "the lion of the day," the race for the Derby Stakes.

It is many years since there had been a Derby possessing so anomalous a character as the one under notice, or one in which the public running of the horses engaged has been so negative and unintelligible. But certainly never before did horses for the Derby meet upon such fair terms. The following are the particulars of the race:

The Derby Stakes of 50 sovereigns each, (half forfeit,) for three year old colts carrying 119 lbs; fillies 114 lbs. The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovereigns out of the stakes, and the owner of the winner to pay 100 sovereigns towards the expenses of keeping the course; distance a mile and a half. 101 subscribers.

Mr Ridsdale's St. Giles, by Tramp	1
" Vansittart's Perion by Whisker	2
" Ridsdale's Trustee, by Catton	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Exeter's Belzoni, by Sultan,
" Chesterfield's Nonecompos,
" Mountcharles's Minster, by Catton,
" Exeter's Spencer,
" Worcester's Haymaker, by Wrangler,
" Tomlinson's Bedlam,
" Lowther's Messenger,
" Orlando's colt by Whisker, out of Selima,
Sir G. Heathcote's Damascus,
Mr. Gully's Margrave, by Muley,
" Mills's Kate, by Lapdog,
" Clarney's Emulator, by Whisker,
" Batson's Mixbury, by Catton,
" Sloane's Reveller, by Reveller,
" Forth's Gratis, by Middleton,
" Hunter's ... colt,
" Wreford's Wallace,
" Westwood's Claude Loraine,
" —— Lazarone.

In the ring the last betting was 3 to 1 against St. Giles, 6 to 1 against Perion, 6 to 1 against Margrave, 7 to 1 against Mixbury, 12 to 1 against Kate, and 25 to 1 against Gratis. All the other horses were considered out of the question, and nothing was said about them.

The race was appointed for decision at two o'clock, and a few minutes after that time the horses were mounted and at the post, but it was so far from an easy task to get them off that the event did not come off till nearly half past three; not that there were any actual false starts, or that the horses were unruly, but simply because the jockeys were so over anxious to get good places at starting, that every time they turned round to go, three or four were sure to be found in ... of the post, ... the starter had repeatedly declared that he should not give the signal till they were at the proper place, that they could be prevailed upon to form into a tolerably correct line. We should especially notice the conduct of Wallace's rider, the horse is entered in the name of Mr. Wreford, who, we believe, is not the real proprietor. The conduct of this rider was truly ridiculous, and the whole business of starting was conducted in an unsatisfactory manner.

Before describing the race, we should state that Mr. Ridsdale declared beforehand that he should win with St. Giles.

About the five ... above the horses start ed. Trustee making play at a pace that we have ... equalled for the Derby in some years; Kate lay second, Perion third, and Bedlam next, with St. Giles and Margrave at hand; Nonecompos and two or three others tolerably well up—This was the order of running till they got to Tattenham Corner, where the rider of Trustee took a hasty glance of the field, and finding that St. Giles was very forward and going the pace well, he actually used the whip into his horse and ... straight running at a pace that ... among the outsiders—the ... was sound. When the horses got round the corner, these continued as being next to Trustee drew upon him, and we were as yet unable to form any opinion of the race. About a distance and a half, however, from the finish, St. Giles went by them all, Perion passing Trustee at the same time, while Margrave, Kate, Nonecompos and Bedlam closed with the latter at the Grand Stand; Perion, Kate, and two or three others attempted to get up, but died away one after another, St. Giles winning very cleverly by a length and a half. Trustee ... beaten ... good race and ... the half a length ... of Perion. Margrave was fourth, Nonecompos fifth, and Kate sixth, ... Mixbury and the ... at a ... Messenger ran ... ed ... himself in the ... Mon... ... was ... he was started ... to the public satisfaction.

Mr. Ridsdale won £2775 (about $12,000) by the Stakes and upwards ... by bets on the whole, above two hundred thousand ... the largest sum that has been won on any race for several years ... and this St. Giles was not a ... of the betting ... a general belief that he was wrongly described and therefore disqualified.

St. Giles, bred by Mr. Ridsdale was got by Tramp out of Arcot Lass by Ardrossan; her dam by Cramlington, out of Floverkin by Stride—Little England's dam by Javelin, sister to Tuby, by Highflyer.

The remainder of the day was devoted to races of minor interest. The Croydon Plate of £50 was won by Mr. Gates's Runymede with ease in two heats, and the Durdans Plate of like value was taken by Mr. Monro's Crispin, beating the two last of three heats. No betting.

FRIDAY.

The unfavorable state of the weather this day prevented a very numerous assemblage, but still there was a tolerable display of rank and fashion on the Grand Stand. The sports were continued as follows:

The Oaks Stakes of 50 sovereigns each, half forfeit for three year old fillies carrying 116 lbs. Distance a mile and a half, the other conditions the same as for the Derby. 83 subscribers.

Marquis of Exeter's Galata by Ardrossan	1
Mr. ... ... by ...	2
Mr. ... ... Mistletoe	3

... were ... not placed.

... Galata ... Galata ... at first ... appears to ... Lord ... Fly and Elevator ... Lord ...

Dining with a party of people at no very great distance ... at forty five, ... Good ... and a good temper both tell well upon him. The first has given him a comfortable sleek figure, and the latter certain easy, contemptuous habits, that incline him to be lazy and philosophical. He has the substantial planter look that belongs to a gentleman who lives on his estate, and is not much vexed with the crosses of life.

[Continued:] two or three others were clustered behind Ebor, but the remainder were tailed off some distance from home. The pace was good, although ... the favorites ... the Derby. Value of the Oaks, after deducting the winner's stake and the two hundred pounds for the second horse and the expenses of the course, £2,850. Lord Exeter and his party are stated to win large winnings on the race.

The next race was for the Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each, half a mile, won by Lord Mountcharles's Carwell. Extra ... the winning ... the field.

A mile Sweepstakes for three year olds of 20 sovereigns each, was won easily by Lord Langford's Rous over Col. Peel's Archibald, in whose favor great odds had been given.

And finally the races closed with a Sweepstakes of 5 sovereigns each, and 35 to be added, for horses not valued above 100 sovereigns: mile heats. It was won in two heats by Mr. Roberts's Walter, over four others.

Mr. Herring has already taken a sketch of St. Giles and his Rider, and ... off their likenesses with more than his usual felicity. The Portrait will speedily be added to Messrs. Fuller's admirable work, "The Derby Winners." Mr. Ridsdale having given them his exclusive permission for that purpose.

From "Swallow Barn," A Novel, by J. P. Kennedy, Esq.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

Frank Meriwether is now in the meridian of life—somewhere close upon forty-five. Good cheer and a good temper both tell well upon him. The first has given him a comfortable sleek figure, and the latter certain easy, contemplative habits, that incline him to be lazy and philosophical. He has the substantial planter look that belongs to a gentleman who lives on his estate, and is not much vexed with the crosses of life.

I think he prides himself on his personal appearance, for he has a handsome face, with a dark blue eye, and a high forehead that is scantily cashed with some silver touched locks that I observe, he cherishes for their rarity; besides he is growing manifestly attentive to his dress, and carries himself erect, with some secret consciousness that his person is not bad. It is pleasant to see him when he has ordered his horse for a ride into the neighborhood, or across to the court-house.—On such occasions, he is apt to make his appearance in a coat of blue broadcloth, astonishingly new and glossy, and with a redundant supply of plaited ruffle strutting through the folds of a Marseilles waistcoat; a worshipful finish is given to this costume by a large straw hat, lined with green silk. There is a magisterial fulness in his garments that betokens condition in the world, and a heavy bunch of seals, suspended by a chain of gold, jingles as he moves, pronouncing him a man of superfluities.

During three years of his life he smoked cigars in a lawyer's office at Richmond; sometimes looked into a Blackstone and the revised code; was a member of a debating society that ate oysters once a week during the winter; and wore six cravats and a pair of yellow topped boots as a blood of the metropolis. Having in this way qualified himself for the pursuits of agriculture, he came to his estate a very model of landed gentlemen. Since that time his avocations have had a certain literary tincture; for having settled himself down as a married man, and got rid of his superfluous foppery, he rambled with wonderful assiduity through a wilderness of romances, poems and dissertations, which are now collected in his library and, with their battered blue covers, present a lively type of an army of continentals at the close of the war, or a hospital of veteran invalids. These have all at last, given way to the newspapers—a miscellaneous study very enticing to gentlemen in the country.

The solitary elevation of a country gentleman, well to do in the world, begets some magnificent notions. He becomes as infallible as the pope; gradually acquires a habit of making long speeches; is apt to be impatient of contradiction, and is always very touchy on the point of honor. There is nothing more conclusive than a rich man's logic anywhere, but in the country, amongst his dependants, it flows with the smooth and unresisted course of a gentle stream irrigating a verdant meadow, and depositing its mud in fertilizing luxuriance. Meriwether's sayings about Swallow Barn, import absolute verity—but I have discovered that they are not so current out of his jurisdiction. Indeed, every now and then, we have some obstinate discussions when any of the neighboring potentates, who stand in the same sphere with Frank, come to the house; for these worthies have opinions of their own, and nothing can be more dogged than the conflict between them. They sometimes fire away at each other, with a most amiable and inconceivable hardihood for a whole evening, bandying interjections, and making bows and saying shrewd things with all the courtesy imaginable; but for unextinguishable pertinacity in argument, and utter impregnability of belief, there is no disputant like your country gentleman who reads the newspapers.

Meriwether is a great breeder of blooded horses; and ever since the celebrated race between Eclipse and Henry, he has taken to this occupation with a renewed zeal, as a matter affecting the reputation of the state. It is delightful to hear him expatiate on the value, importance, and patriotic bearing of this employment, and to listen to all his technical lore touching the mystery of horse craft. He has some fine colts in training, that are committed to the care of a pragmatical old negro, named Carey, who, in his reverence for the occupation, is the perfect shadow of his master. He and Frank hold grave and momentous consultations upon the affairs of the stable, in such a seriousness strain of equal debate, that it would puzzle a spectator to tell which was the leading member in the council. Carey thinks he knows a great deal more upon the subject than his master, and their frequent intercourse has begot a familiarity in the old negro that is almost fatal to Meriwether's supremacy. The old man feels himself authorized to maintain his positions according the freest parliamentary form, and sometimes with a violence of asseveration that compels his master to abandon his ground, purely out of faint heartedness. Meriwether gets a little nettled by Carey's doggedness, but generally turns it off in a laugh. I was in the stable with him a few mornings after my arrival, when he ventured to expostulate with the venerable groom upon a professional point, but the controversy terminated in its customary way. "Who sot you up, Master Frank, to tell me how to fodder that creetur, when I as good as nursed you on my knee?"

"Well, tie up your tongue, you old mastiff," replied Frank, as he walked out of the stable, "and cease growling, since you will have it your own way;"—and then, as we left the old man's presence, he added, with an affectionate chuckle—"a faithful old cur, too, that licks my hand out of pure honesty; he has not many years left and I humor him!"

In a small town in one of our northern counties a strolling company lately arrived to astonish the natives, and the gentle *Desdemona* of the dramatic corps consented during her short sojourn, to domicile at an humble cottage near the scene of mimic action. The barn—we beg pardon the theatre—being duly prepared, the playbills thundered forth the tragedy of *Othello*, our heroine of course, sustaining her "original part." The rustic cottagers received a complimentary card of admission, ... pleased. All proceeded well until the scene between the Moor and our heroine where he taxes her upon the subject of the handkerchief, ... which he says,

"... Egyptian did to my mother give."

This was not to be borne, and the ... roared out "I aint no witch he Master Black Chops—... ... it ... I ... but my Meary ... and she ... at John ... in High ..."

The ... a ... ... Henry ... ... Detroit ... ... Lord ... ...

DEER HUNTING.

Among the Copper and Dog Rib Indians.

The herds of rein deer are attended in their migrations by bands of wolves, which destroy a great many of them. The Copper Indians kill the rein deer in summer with the gun, or taking advantage of a favorable piece of ground, they inclose a herd on a neck of land, and drive them into a lake, where they fall an easy prey; but in the rutting season, and in the spring, when they are migrating on the skirts of the woods, they catch them in snares. The snares are simple nooses, formed in a rope made of twisted sinew, which are placed in the aperture of a slight hedge, constructed of the branches of trees. This hedge is disposed so as to form several winding compartments, and although it is by no means strong, yet the deer seldom attempt to break through it. The herd is led into the labyrinth by two converging rows of poles, and one is generally caught at each of the openings by the noose placed there. The hunter, too, lying in ambush, stabs some of them with his boyonet as they pass by, and the whole herd frequently becomes his prey. Where wood is scarce, turf turned up answers the purpose of a pole to conduct them towards the snares.

The Dog-rib Indians have a mode of killing these animals which, though simple, is very successful. It was thus described by Mr. Wentzel, who resided long among that people. The hunters go in pairs, the foremost man carrying in one hand the horns and part of the skin of the head of a deer, and in the other a small bundle of twigs, against which he, from time to time, rubs the horns, imitating the gestures peculiar to the animal. His comrade follows, treading exactly in his footsteps, and holding the guns of both in a horizontal position, so that the muzzles project under the arms of him who carries the head. Both hunters have a fillet of white skin round their foreheads, and the foremost has a strip of the same kind round his wrists. They approach the herd by degrees, raising their legs very slowly, but setting them down somewhat suddenly, after the manner of a deer, and always taking care to lift their right or left feet simultaneously. If any of the herd leave off feeding to gaze on this extraordinary phenomenon, it instantly stops, and the head begins to play its part by licking its shoulders, and performing other necessary movements. In this way the hunters attain the very centre of the herd without exciting suspicion, and have leisure to single out the fattest. The hindmost man then pushes forward his comrade's gun, the head is dropt, and they both fire at nearly the same instant. The herd scampers off, the hunters trot after them; in a short time the poor animals halt to ascertain the cause of their terror, their foes stop at the same instant, and having loaded as they ran, greet the gazers with a second fatal discharge. The consternation of the deer increases, they run to and fro in the utmost confusion, and sometimes a great part of the herd is destroyed within the space of a few hundred yards.

A Wolf's Nest.—On the 27th of May last, Mr. Elias Parks, of the town of Niagara, N. Y. went into the woods in search of wolves, armed with a musket. These animals had previously committed great ravages among the cattle and sheep in that vicinity, and the night before had filled the woods with their howlings. Taking his course by a range of trees, he proceeded about a mile and a half in the direction he supposed they were to be met with, when he found a whitewood tree of prodigious length and size, on the ground, which he supposed was cut down by the Indians. The tree was hollow as far as he could discover, and from the tracks around it, which had the appearance of being recently made, he supposed it might be inhabited by wolves. How to discover whether such was the case or not puzzled him much. He was alone, and did not like the idea of attacking his enemy with the sure prospect of meeting with defeat, if not with death; nor did he wish them to escape. However, after considering a few moments how to proceed, he cut with his penknife a pole fifteen or twenty feet long; and leaving his gun at the entrance of the log, he entered the hollow, pole in hand. When he had proceeded about twenty feet into the region of darkness, (carefully using his pole to ascertain that the way was clear before him,) he perceived two large sparkling eyes glaring upon him, and heard some low growlings, plainly demonstrating the species and temper of their owner. Deeming it imprudent to make further researches without his trusty gun, which he had left at the entrance, he went back, and with it returned to the place where he first discovered the eyes, intending to fire at them. But finding he could not take sure aim, owing to the darkness though the eyes were visible, he was obliged to retreat. He then gathered some old wood and stopped up the entrance, leaving room to insert his gun, which he did, and fired several times, but from the distance, obstructions, or some other cause, without effect.—Leaving his musket at the mouth of the log, he then retraced his steps home for assistance, which he obtained. On going back to the log, he found all things as they were left. With axes they cut into the log, at short distances from the butt towards the limbs, for nearly 60 feet, when an old wolf was discovered with several younger ones. As they were crowded into a narrow space it was an easy matter to secure the young ones (four in number) alive, after the old one had retreated a few feet and was shot. Mr. P. has two of them young ones now in his possession.—*Lockport Balance.*

SPORTING VARIETIES:

From Foreign Publications received at this Office.

Stag Hunting. On Friday, May 4, the Earl of Derby's stag hounds met at the Oaks. Notwithstanding the unfavorable appearance of the weather, a very numerous field, enlivened by a good sprinkling of *scarlets*, attended. A stag was turned out on the common, near the Oaks.—He took in gallant style across the common, and pointed to the Epsom and Banstead Downs; but was unfortunately headed, and made a circlet back to the Oaks. The hounds pursued him through the noble Earl's park, without regarding the rest of the deer. He then took to the hills, and crossed the Croydon road at Pierse's training stables. And, after a good run of an hour and a half, he was taken near Merstham, on the Brighton road. Lord Derby, his Countess, and her lovely daughters, accompanied by the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdown, and the Bishop of Exeter, who were on a visit to Lord Derby, at the Oaks, came upon the ground in carriages, attended by the most splendid equipages, outriders, &c.—... Stanley was in the chase. Lord Derby terminated his hunting, for the season, on the 11th, when he turned out a stag on Hayes common.

A pike ... was caught in Chillington pool, near Brewood, early in the month; its weight, 40 the length, 4 feet 5 inches. Besides a ... found in the throat of the destroyer a trout ... which was found inside the pike ... forwarded to the Marquis of Stafford ... by C. W. Giffard, Esq. of Chillington.

Stag Hunting.—The staunch little pack of harriers, belonging to the gentlemen of the united parishes of the Maidens, were on Friday, May 2, called out unexpectedly, by the following circumstance. The attention of the inhabitants of ... was attracted by the appearance of a stag on the opposite shore of the river, which, after he had taken a survey of his intended isle, and swam across, and on ... six hundred yards, the stag then ... towards the Green Park and ... in a covert ... The hounds ... were quickly ... upon the spot and soon roused him ... he afforded a capital chase of two hours, during which, he passed through most of the seven parishes, leaping every fence in his way. When at West Wittering, he ... attempted to take the water but the tide being then at ebb, he became exhausted by struggling in the mud, from which he was extricated without difficulty, and placed in security. He was a stranger to these parts, and they kept him in.

Pigeon Shooting.—Tuesday June 1, the Ashton and Midgham Clubs had their anniversary meeting. Of all the pigeon shots in England these clubs have ever produced the best. They were limited to charge two ounces and a half of powder, at 18 birds each, 18 yards from the trap. It was a match for 520 guineas total, subscribers 20 guineas each, and was decided as follows:—

Ashton Club killed 138
Midgham Club killed 140

A Fortunate Sportsman. Sir,—If the following singular fact meets your approbation, and should it be worthy insertion in your entertaining work, it may possibly amuse a portion of your readers, which is the end desired.

It is well authenticated, and I can vouch for its truth. It occurred in the neighborhood of Huntingdon a few years ago, and is quite unique in its kind. I am, Sir, Yours,

Audlette.

A laborer returning home from his master's house late one evening, in the middle of winter, the moon, just rising from her bed, proved a good guide, while a smart frost made the walk pleasant to the tired husbandman; he had, however, been previously regaled with a good English supper and a "mug of nut brown ale." As he came near the borders of a wood, which lay in his road home he perceived something approach; at first, its color appeared black, as it, however, came onward, and the beams of the moon reflected greater light upon it, he thought its hue changed, "and, lo, 'twas white!" But, having advanced within the distance of fifty yards he plainly perceived it was substance, and could distinctly tell its species: a *Master Reynard*, with a fine goose, swung carelessly across his back, came jogging contentedly towards the borders of the wood, in which, probably, was his retreat.

The laborer had a loaded gun with him, and was on the point of firing, when a fine *hare* started up suddenly before the fox, and began to frisk and gambol, and seemed to invite the fox to play; the fox in the meantime, laid the goose gently down and complied with Miss Pussy's request; he crouched on his belly, and alternately lowered and elevated his head after the manner of dogs at play. The innocent and unconscious hare was still performing her tricks, running round, each time forming a smaller circle, until she approached near enough for the spring of her wily enemy. On a sudden, he sprung upon, and instantly killed her. The laborer thought he ought to make the best use of his time, fearing he might lose the greatest part of the prize in view; he accordingly fired,—Reynard fell, and he became sole master of the *goose*, the *hare*, and the *fox*.

He hastened to realize his good fortune. The hare and goose he kept for his own use, and the fox he sold for its skin, in order, as he said, to wash the other game down, and to drink a bumper in remembrance of his profitable shot.

An Alternative; *pungent but sweet.* The Gloucester Telegraph inveighing against the use of cold water, says, "If people dislike spirit, they should use plenty of ginger and molasses."

TROTTING COURSE,

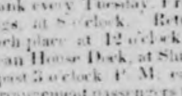
Mount Vernon, near New-York City.

IN consequence of the prevalence of the Cholera, the regular races on this Course are suspended for the present. Due notice will be given of their re-establishment. Meantime, the Course remains open for Private Matches and for Training; and sporting gentlemen are respectfully invited to avail themselves of the advantages which it offers.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Proprietor.
July 28, 1832.

FOR LONG BRANCH,

Eatontown, Red Bank, and the Ocean House, at Shrewsbury Inlet.



The new and elegant steamboat DAVID BROWN, Capt. James Pennoyer, will commence her regular trips for the above places on Sunday morning next, August 5th, running alternately to Eatontown and Red Bank in the following order, viz:—

Will leave Fulton Market wharf for Eatontown every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday: For Red Bank every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday mornings, at 8 o'clock. Returning, will leave from each place at 12 o'clock noon, stopping at the Ocean House Dock, at Shrewsbury Inlet, until 1-2 past 3 o'clock P. M. each day. By the above arrangement passengers will have an opportunity to remain at Long Branch several hours—sufficient time to bathe, dine, &c. and return to the city at an early hour in the afternoon. Stages will always be in attendance to convey passengers to Long Branch and other parts of the country.—Fare to and from Eatontown, Red Bank, and Shrewsbury Inlet, 50 cents each way.

A trip to the Ocean House at Shrewsbury Inlet, or to Long Branch, is not surpassed by any similar excursion in the vicinity of New-York.

Boats, fishing tackle and bait always to be had at the Ocean House of L. Stillman.

OCEAN HOUSE,

At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

CAPT. JAMES PENNOYER respectfully informs the Public that the above House, under the superintendence of Mr. Lawrence Stillman, is now open for the Season.

This Establishment, being in the immediate vicinity of the Ocean, offers rare inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries, during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Breeze*, and of *Sea or River Bathing*.

The new Steamboat David Brown leaves New York from Fulton Market Wharf every day (except Thursday) for the above place, and lands passengers within Fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning, can remain nearly six hours, and return by 6 o'clock, P. M.

Boats, Fishing Tackle, Bait, &c. can be obtained at any time.

TO HOUSE CARPENTERS.

A YOUNG man wishes to bind himself as an Apprentice to the trade of a House Carpenter, for the term of 3 or 4 years. For further information inquire at 497 Pearl-street.

July 28, 1832.

AGENCY OFFICE.

AMERICAN and Foreign Agency Office, No. 497 *Pearl-street*, near Chatham-street, New-York.

Merchants, Hotels, Public Houses, Private Families, Boarding-house Keepers and others, can always be supplied with the best of help, such as Clerks, Barkeepers, Housekeepers, Seamstresses, Chambermaids, Nurses, Waiters, and Cooks of every description.

People from the country can always find good employment in the different branches, and good wages, by giving satisfactory references.

Captains of vessels can always procure Mates, Stewards, Cooks and Cabin Boys. Steamboats supplied with Chambermaids, Waiters and Cooks, &c. by applying at the above mentioned Office.

He also attends to the Land Agency Business, such as buying, selling and letting Houses, Lots and Farms.

N. B. Notes, Bills, and Accounts collected, and returns made punctually, good reference given.

D. F. MOSES, Agent.

The Autumn Races.

FALL RACES,

Over the Union Course, Long Island.

THE Fall Races over this Course will take place the first week of October next. The purses will be run for on the second, third, and fourth days of said month—heats of three, two, and four miles. The amount of each, with particulars, will be given in a future advertisement.

In addition to which the following stakes (three of which yet remain open) will be contended for:

Poststake, all ages, $1000 each, p. p. four mile heats; to come off Monday, October 1st, and to close on the 10th of September next—three entries or no race. Three year olds 90 lbs.; four years 101 lbs.; five years 111 lbs.; six years 121 lbs.; aged 126 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 200 dollars each, half forfeit, mile heats—colts 90 lbs.; fillies 87 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off on the 2d of October, and to close Sept. 12th. Three subscribers or no race.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 150 dollars each, 50 dollars forfeit, mile heats; colts 90 lbs.; fillies 87 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off Oct. 3d; five subscribers; closed June 1st, 1832.

Sweepstakes, all ages, 300 dollars each, half forfeit, two mile heats; to carry weight as in the poststakes above; to come off October 4th, and to close on the 10th of September next: three entries or no race.

Gentlemen who wish to subscribe to either of the above stakes which yet remain open, will please to signify the same in person, or by letter addressed to the undersigned.

C. R. COLDEN, *Clerk of the Course.*
Union Course, Jamaica, N. Y.

DUTCHESS CO. RACES.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

THE Fall Races over the Dutchess County Course will commence on Tuesday, October 2d, and continue three days.

First day, at 12 o'clock, sweepstakes for three year old colts, two miles out, for 300 dollars each, 100 dollars forfeit; six subscribers.

At 2 o'clock, two mile heats, purse 200 dollars.

Second day, at 12 o'clock, one mile heats, purse 100 dollars, free for any colt, three years old or under, bred in the counties of Dutchess or Columbia.

At 2 o'clock, three mile heats, purse 300 dolls.

Third day, at 2 o'clock, four mile heats, purse 500 dollars.

Poughkeepsie, July 9, 1832.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Lancaster, Pa.

THE Fall Races for 1832, over the Hamilton Course (near Lancaster) will commence on Tuesday, the 18th day of September, and continue four days.

First day, a sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year olds, 100 dollars entrance, half forfeit: to close on the first day of September.

Same day, a purse of 100 dollars, mile heats; entrance 25 dollars, to be added to the purse. One horse must win three heats to be entitled to this day's purse.

Second day, two mile heats, purse 200 dollars.

Third day, three mile heats, purse 300 dollars.

Fourth day, four mile heats, purse 500 dollars.

The above purses are free for all horses carrying weight agreeably to the rules of the course.—All entries for the above *colt's* race must be made with EDWARD PARKER,

June 25th, 1832. Treasurer.

MATCH RACE

Over the Central Course, Baltimore Md.

FOR $1000 A SIDE.

THE Celebrated mare Arietta, owned by Messrs. Johnson and Craig, and a grey horse from Kentucky, (supposed to be equal in speed to any horse in the U. States,) will run a match race over this course on the first Saturday in August next, one thousand yards, for $1000 a side, half forfeit, the forfeit already deposited in Bank to the order of the Judges—the judges to be selected from the Maryland Jockey Club. The celebrity of the horses engaged in this race, cannot fail to excite great interest, and it is supposed it will be a great betting race.

J. M. SELDEN, Pr.
Of the Central Course, Baltimore.

CENTRAL COURSE.

The following Stakes are now open, to be run for over the Central Course.—Baltimore, June 1, 1832.

CHATEAU MARGAUX STAKES. A post sweepstakes will be run for on the 2d day of the next fall meeting, 2 miles out. Entrance $500, p. p. Each gentleman over twenty-one years of age to ride his own horse. Four or more to make a race. The winner to pay six dozen of Chateau Margaux wine to the club. To close the first day of August. To this there are already eight subscribers.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, bred and owned in the state of Maryland and District of Columbia, two mile heats. Entrance $100, h. f. to run first day of fall meeting, 1832. Four or more to make a race. To close and name 1st of October.

3. A post sweepstakes for next fall, free for all ages, four mile heats. Entrance $500, p. p.—the proprietor to add $1,000; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October. Subscribers, Jno. C. Stevens, Wm. R. Johnson, J. M. Selden.

4. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f. four or more to make a race. To close 1st of September.

5. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, (that have never won a race,) to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f. four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October.

CUSICK'S RACE COURSE

Near Bridgeport, Ohio.

FOUR Days racing, commencing on Tuesday, 2d day of October next.

First day a purse of $50 two rounds and repeat. Entrance $5.

Second day, a purse of $75, three rounds and repeat. Entrance $7 50.

Third day a purse of $100 four rounds and repeat. Entrance $10.

Fourth day a handycap purse of $30 to be run for, the three best in five. Entrance $3.

The racing will be agreeable to the rules of Jones track Elizabethtown (Grave creek.) The proprietor pledges himself to have the track in complete order.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Savannah, Ga.

A SWEEPSTAKE for Colt's two years old, (reckoning from May-day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the next regular races, which will take place during the last week in January next. Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, Sec'y.

TO SPORTSMEN

Of Tennessee and Kentucky.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky., which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

JAMES MOORE.
ts 19

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

IRISH COURTSHIP.—A SERENADE

Arrah, Judy my dove,
I am sweating for love,
And roaming about like a gander,
Half bother'd and blind
With the wet and the wind—
Och, come to your dripping Leander.

Judy from the window.

"Bad luck to you, Pat,
Will you get out of that;
I am sleeping." Then faith I must rouse ye—
Halloo, Judy Flinn,
Are you bother'd within,
When there's murther and fire in the house ye

Both in the hall

"Well, I'm here, Paddy, now,
What's the cause of this row"—
"Why, nothing that's mighty alarming,
But I'm all of a shake,
For I fell in the lake,
So I've come to my duck for a warming.

"Come here, Paddy Nail,"
Faith, I'm close at your tail,
As light as a flea on a fairy
"Begone, sir, I beg,"
No—the devil a peg,
Unless it is into the dairy

"Lave my house sir, this minute
I never was in it
For this Miss belongs to your master
"Then bad luck to you, Pat."
Troth, I'm covered with that,
And am come to yourself for a plaster,

"Come in then avic,
Since I see that you're sick—
And besides, hav'nt got a dry stitch on;
But I'll fight like a crow,
If you'll kiss me, *you know*,
As we're taking a drop in the kitchen."

N. Y. Traveller.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

A NIGHT ENGAGEMENT.

We had refitted, and been four days at sea, on our voyage to Jamaica, when the gun-room officers gave our mess a blow out.

The increased motion and rushing of the vessel through the water, the groaning of the masts, the howling of the rising gale, and the frequent trampling of the watch on deck, were prophetic of wet jackets to some of us; still, midshipman-like, we were as happy as a good dinner and some wine could make us, until the old gunner shoved his weatherbeaten phiz and bald pate in at the door. "Beg pardon, Mr. Splinter, but if you will spare Mr. Cringle on the forecastle an hour, until the moon rises"—("Spare," quotha, "is his majesty's officers a joint stool?") —"Why, Mr. Kennedy, why? here, man, take a glass of grog." "I thank you sir." It is coming on a roughish night, sir; the running ships should be crossing us hereabouts; indeed, more than once I thought there was a strange sail close aboard of us, the scud is flying so low, and in such white flakes; and none of us have an eye like Mr. Cringle, unless it be John Crow and he is all but frozen." "Well, Tom, I suppose you will go"—Anglice, from a first Lieutenant to a mid—

"Brush instanter."

Having changed my uniform for shag trowsers, pea-jacket, and south-west cap, I went forward and took my station, in no pleasant humor, on the stowed jib, with my arm around the stay. I had been half an hour there, the weather was getting worse, the rain was beating in my face, and the spray from the stern was flashing over me, as it roared through the waste of sparkling and hissing waters. I turned my back to the weather for a moment, to press my hands on my strained eyes. When I opened them, I saw the gunner's gaunt, high-featured visage thrust anxiously forward; his profile looked as if rubbed over with phosphoros, and his whole person as if we had been playing at snap dragon. "What has come over you Mr. Kennedy? who is burning the blue light now?" "A wiser man than I must tell you that; look forward Mr. Cringle—look there; what do your books say to that?"

I looked forth, and saw at the extreme end of the jib boom, what I have read of, certainly, but never expected to see, a pale, greenish, glow-worm colored flame, of the size and shape of the frosted glass shade over the swinging lamp in the gun-room. It drew out and flattened as the vessel pitched and rose again, and as she sheered about, it wavered round the point that seemed to attract it, like a soap sud bubble blown from a tobacco pipe, before it is shaken into the air; at the core it was comparatively bright but faded into a halo. It shed a baleful and ominous light on the surrounding objects; the group of sailors on the forecastle looked like spectres, and they shrunk together, and whispered when it began to roll slowly along the spar where the boatswain was sitting at my feet. At this instant something slid down the stay, and a cold and clammy hand passed around my neck. I was within an ace of losing my hold and tumbling overboard. "Heaven have mercy on me, what's that?" "It' that sky-larking son of a gun, Jem Sparkle's monkey, sir. You, Jem, you'll never rest till that brute is made shark's bait of." But Jackoo vanished up the stay again, chuckling and grinning in the ghastly radiance, as if he had been the "Spirit of the Lamp." The light was still there, but a cloud of mist, like a burst of vapor from a steam boiler, came down upon the gale, and flew past, when it disappeared. I followed the white mass as it sailed down the wind; it did not, as it appeared to me, vanish in the darkness, but seemed to remain in sight to leeward, as if checked by a sudden flaw; yet none of our sails were taken aback. A thought flashed on me. I peered still more intensely into the night. I was now certain. "A sail, broad on the lee bow." The captain answered from the quarter deck—"Thank you, Mr. Cringle. How shall we steer?" "Keep her away a couple of points, sir, steady." "Steady" sung the man at the helm; and a slow melancholy cadence, although a familiar sound to me, now moaned through the rushing wind, and smote upon my heart as if it had been the wailing of a spirit. I turned to the boatswain, who was now standing beside me—"Is that you or Davy steering, Mr. Nipper? if you had not been there at my elbow, I could have sworn that was your voice." When the gunner made the same remark it startled the poor fellow; he tried to take it as a joke, but could not. "There may be a laced hammock with a shot in it, for some of us ere morning."

At this moment to my dismay, the object we were chasing shortened,—gradually fell abeam of us and finally disappeared. "The Flying Dutchman." "I can't see her at all now." "She will be a fore-and aft-rigged vessel that has tacked, sir." And sure enough, after a few seconds, I saw the white object lengthen, and draw out again abaft our beam. "The chase has tacked, sir, put the helm down, or she will go to windward of us." We tacked also, and time it was we did so, for the rising moon now showed us a large schooner under a crowd of sail. We edged down on her, when finding her manœuvre detected, she brailed up her flat sails, and bore up before the wind. This was our best point of sailing, and we cracked on, the captain rubbing his hands—"It's my turn to be the big un this time. Although blowing a strong north-wester, it was now clear moonlight, and we hammered away from our bow guns, but whenever a shot told amongst the rigging, the injury was repaired as if by magic. It was evident we had repeatedly hulled her, from the glimmering white streaks along her counter and across her stern, ocasioned by the splintering of the timber, but it seemed to produce no effect.

At length we drew well upon her quarter. She continued all black hull and white sail, not a soul to be seen on deck, except a dark object which we took for the man at the helm. "What schooner's that?" No answer. "Heave to, or I'll sink you." Still all silent. "Sergeant Armstrong, do you think you could pick off that chap at the wheel?" The marine jumped on the forecastle, and levelled his piece, when a musket-shot from the schooner crashed through his skull, and he fell dead. The old skipper's blood was up. "Forecastle there! Mr. Nipper, clap a cannister of grape over the round shot, in the bow gun, and give it to him." "Aye, aye, sir!" gleefully rejoined the boatswain, forgetting the augury and everything else in the excitement of the moment. In a twinkling the square foresail—topgallant—royal—and studding-sail haulyards were let go by the run on board the schooner, as if they had been shot away, and he put his helm hard aport as if to round to. "Rake him, sir, or give him the stern. He has not surrendered. I know their game. Give him your broadside, sir, or he is off to windward of you like a shot. No, no, we have him now: heave to, Mr. Splinter, heave to!" We did so, and that so suddenly, that the studding-sail booms snapped like pipe shanks, short off by the irons. Notwithstanding we had shot two hundred yards to the leeward before we could lay our maintopsail to the mast. I ran to windward. The schooner's yards and rigging were now black with men, clustering like bees swarming, her square sails were being close furled, her fore and aft sails set, and away she was dead to windward of us. "So much for undervaluing our American friends," grumbled Mr. Splinter,

We made all sail in chase, blazing away to little purpose; we had no chance on a bowline, and when our "Amigo" had satisfied himself of his superiority by one or two short tacks, he deliberately took a reef in his mainsail, hauled down his flying jib and gaff topsail, triced up the bunt of his foresail, and fired his long thirty-two at us. The shot came in at our third aftermost port on the starboard side, and dismounted the carronade, smashing the slide, and wounding three men. The second missed, and as it was madness to remain to be peppered, probably winged, whilst every one of ours fell short, we reluctantly kept away on our course, having the gratification of hearing a clear well-blown bugle on board the schooner play up "Yankee Doodle." As the brig fell off, our long gun was run out to have a parting crack at her, when the third and last shot from the schooner struck the sill of the midship port, and made the white splinters fly from the solid oak like bright silver sparks in the moonlight. A sharp piercing cry rose in the air—my soul identified that death-shriek with the voice that I had heard, and I saw the man who was standing with the lanyard of the lock in his hand drop heavily across the breech, and discharge the gun in his fall. Thereupon a blood-red glare shot up in the cold blue sky, as if a volcano had burst forth from beneath the mighty deep, followed by a roar, and a shattering crash, and a mingling of unearthly cries and groans, and a concussion of the air and the water, as if our whole broadside had been fired at once. Then a solitary splash here, and a dip there, and short sharp yells, and low choking bubbling moans, as the hissing fragments of the noble vessel we had seen, fell into the sea, and the last of her gallant crew vanished forever beneath that pale broad moon. *We were alone*, and once more all was dark, and wild, and stormy.—Fearfully had that ball sped, fired by a dead man's hand. But what is that that clings black and doubled across the fatal cannon, dripping and heavy, and choking the scuppers with clotting gore, and swaying to and fro with the motion of the vessel, like a bloody fleece?" "Who is that was hit at the gun there?" "*Mr. Nipper, the boatswain, sir. The last shot has cut him in two.*"

PERSEVERANCE.—"I recollect," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "in Queen's county, to have seen a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session justices at the court house, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed that he did so *to make it easy for himself*, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon, and he kept his word. He was an industrious man, honest, respectable, and kind-hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence; he did accumulate it, and uprightly.—His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate on that very bench that he sawed and planed."

LEGAL AND NATURAL PHRASEOLOGY.—The Sheriff of Dunfermline, while examining a boy who happened to be a witness concerning the taking away of a horse from the plough by a tollman, asked the youth if he could positively say that he saw the tollman carry off the horse.—"No," said the boy. The case was about to be dismissed, when the boy added, "but he *led* him off, sir."

The pit at Covent Garden usually seems quite full when 700 people are in it; but on the night of Young's benefit it had exactly 1140 spectators. The other parts of the house were filled in proportion, so that Young's receipts could not have been far short of £800, deducting even the money that was returned on the following day to persons who had paid at the doors, but could not gain admission to the house; but, in the whole, not more than about £30 were refunded.

The editor of a village newspaper in North Carolina, speaks of certain evolutions of a military *corpse* on the 4th inst. Nothing is said of the music, but it ought to have been the dead march.

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AND
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A WEEKLY
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WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.,
No. 35 WALL-STREET New-York

Sporting Stores.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 335 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

HINTON'S
WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
191 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles. Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitably for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes. do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles, English and American gunpowder in canisters, percussion caps and fitters, shot and flints, powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets, shot and game bags, leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets, &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valices and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments; thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS,
☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st. opposite the Wall-street church.

*** VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1 1-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or without Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks, Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,
No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church

*** *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting or Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE,

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

Amusements.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

THE numerous visitors to this Museum during the four nights of the performance of Mr. KENDALL, the celebrated Harpist, having expressed themselves so highly delighted with his astonishing execution on his sweet-toned instrument, has induced the proprietor to engage him the *first four nights of each week*, until further notice.

Mr. K. is accompanied by his brother on a newly invented French Flageolet.

The Living ANACONDA, or BOA CONSTRICTOR, the great strangling Serpent of India, is in fine health and perfectly docile; he is fed with a living rabbit every Monday evening, which he destroys in his folds and then swallows whole.

Living CAMELEON, whose power of changing his color is truly astonishing.

The COSMORAMA is set with several splendid Views, and forms a great attraction.

The EGYPTIAN MUMMY, or embalmed human being, at least 3,000 years old, is one of the greatest curiosities in this extensive and valuable repository of nature and art.

Admittance as usual 25 cents—children 12 1-2.

CASTLE GARDEN.

H. MARSH, Proprietor of this celebrated and well known Summer Retreat, has the pleasure of informing his patrons and the public that it is now open for the season.

Since the close of the Garden, extensive and important alterations and improvements have been made, and it is now fitted up in a style of splendor and magnificence exceeding by far any other establishment of the kind in the city—the whole having been designed and executed by Messrs. F. Grain and Assistants.

The well known and justly celebrated Military Band, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as Leader, is re-engaged, and will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. every pleasant evening during the season.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents, for which refreshments will be furnished at the bar.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THE public are respectfully informed that the Garden is open for the season. As it has been the wish of the proprietor to make the Garden a fashionable and agreeable place of resort for the respectable part of the community, he hopes that the decorations, embellishments, and general regulations, will be such as to render it worthy their patronage.

The Green House Plants are in the most healthy state, and the largest collection of any public or private garden in the city. The Beds and Borders are highly ornamented with annuals, perennials, exotics, herbaceous and aquatic plants.

The embellishments have been got up without regard to expense. The paintings, classical, ornamental and transparent, are by the best artists, viz: Messrs. Walker, Jones, Jackson, Grain, James and Son, Hannington, and others.

The South Garden is laid out and lighted in a superior style to that of any preceding season.—The Grand Walk and its magnificent illuminated Arches, so much admired last season, far exceed its former beauty; they are supported by twenty-four illuminated Lyres, entwined with wreaths of flowers of the most lively hues. The illusion is heightened by a correct perspective continuation of the extremity of the walk, which carries the bewildered eye through an illuminated Arcade, fitted up with Egyptian Vases, filled with flowers. Still farther, resting on beauties, the distance only decreases to increase the effect of the magic scene.

The commencement of the walk is decorated with a superb Mirror, of more than 300 square feet, so artfully arranged as to repeat the grandeur of the walk, and cause pleasing reflections to the admiring spectator.

The many thousand variegated lamps, tastefully arranged, apparently turns night to day—splendid Chinese Lanterns peep from among the trees—Vases of Flowers, the brilliant colors of which mock reality—supporters for variegated cut glass Globes, lighted with pure oil. Gas made on the premises.

The North Garden has been laid out entirely different, with considerable improvements. Orange and Lemon Trees, large Cape Jessamines, and Flowering Magnolias, form a complete grove, studded with pyramids of exotic and other plants. The whole is tastefully lighted up with Oil Gas, proceeding from twelve splendid pedestals, which have a most imposing appearance.

Suns, Glories, and Stars of variegated Lamps, also Chinese Lanterns, which shed a soft, beautiful, and chastened lustre over the meandering walks below them.

For the better and more effective display of the FIREWORKS this season, (which from various improvements in colors, procured from extremely rare materials discovered and imported by Mr. Feuchtwanger, Chemist, the Artist feels confident will be superior to any hitherto exhibited.)

A Fortress has been erected, from the battlements of which the various pieces will be fired.—Looking through the inner court of the Castle is seen a distant view of Mount Vesuvius, during the awful eruption of 1810.

In the north corner of this Garden is a splendid Painting, by Mr. Walker, late Artist at the Park Theatre. It represents a view of the ruins of a Gothic Chapel by moonlight, the distant view is Howth Light-house, Dublin, in Ireland. In the south corner is another splendid Painting by the same artist—it is a view in Venice, embracing the Ducal Palace and Terrace of Borregio, covering 2000 square feet of canvass.

The Grand Military Band which is full and effective, will delight the company every evening with a musical entertainment, worthy the approbation and applause they received last year from the thousands who heard them. When the evenings are at all cool, the Saloon can be enclosed and made comfortable to those who are afraid of the night air.

Mr. Joseph L. Hays and other officers will be in attendance to preserve good order, and keep out all improper persons.

☞ Tickets of admission 12 1-2 cents.

A limited number of Season Tickets will be disposed of. For terms, apply at the Garden.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN,
JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S. LYNCH, late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June—tf

FRIENDSHIP TAVERN.

BY Mrs. Williams, 12 1-2 Bowery, New York. Harmonic Meetings, Tuesday and Saturday evenings.

HARMONIA CŒLESTIS.

CONCERTS on the above Instrument will be given every evening, at Concert Hall 406 Broadway. Performance to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets of admittance 50 cents, to be had at the Hall. Particulars in Bills.

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No. 11 *Bowery, 1-2 door south of the Theatre.*

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of this establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the city, and that, in addition to the well known conveniences of their entertainments, both for strangers and residents, they have finished their Ten-pin Alley on a plan of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise, apart from certain pernicious practices which are too common in houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit. J. CAIN & CO.

Miscellaneous.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE COOK'S OWN BOOK—Being a complete Encyclopædia, comprehending all valuable receipts for cooking Meat, Fish, and Fowl, and comprising every kind of Soup, Gravy, Pastry, Preserves, Essences, &c. that have been published or invented during the last twenty years, with numerous original receipts and a complete system of Confectionary, this day published and for sale by Wm. STODART, 6 Courtlandt st.

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N. B. Canes mounted on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice. 23tf

PRIZE OFFICE,
144 Broadway.

☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

A. COX, JR.
STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET
ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY,

WHERE, he respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New collars, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on coats.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. Cash given for cast-off clothes. jl1 4

HAIR-DRESSER.

ANTHONY BOUTETTE, Fashionable Hair Dresser and Perfumer, No. 44 CANAL ST. 4 doors east of Broadway. Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of *Perfumery* which he offers on the lowest terms.

His improved composition for coloring the Hair to a beautiful Brown, is well worthy the notice of the Public.

N. B. Razors put in complete order at the shortest notice.

REMOVAL.

JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 229 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

REMOVAL.

DR. S. BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

DR. I. FRANCIS,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.

J. B. CARTER 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c. together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

PHYSICIANS LIVERY STABLE

A. COX, Jr. respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a Livery Stable corner of Broadway and Catherine-Lane, (entrance in Catherine Lane) where physicians and others can have their horses kept in the best order. A man will be in attendance at all hours, to wait on gentlemen at their dwellings. Inquire at the Stable, or at the proprietor's Steam Scouring Establishment, 80 Cedar-street, one door east of Broadway. je 9

LAW OFFICE.

W. H. MAXWELL, Attorney, Counsellor at L... Conveyancer and Commissioner (resident in the city of New York) appointed for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, &c. with authority to examine witnesses under Commissions emanating from the Courts of said states—to take depositions, affidavits, the acknowledgement of deeds, powers of Attorney and *all instruments made to be used or recorded* in either of said states—Commissions to examine witnesses, transmitted to W. H. M. (with instructions) from any part of the United States promptly attended to—also bills, bonds and debts, in the city of New York collected. Office No. 70 Liberty street, four doors East of Broadway.

A CARD.

REAL Estate and City Registering office No 197 Pearl street. Office for supplying young and middle-aged men with situations, also for giving and receiving advice on any subject. Also for procuring partners, agents, clerks, or in fact any kind of help.

R. N. WHITE.
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK

S. D. CHILDS,
Engraver on Wood, No. 67 Liberty-street,
NEW-YORK

L. I. COHEN.

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles 71 William street New-York.

BEHEAN,
HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,
No 411 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK

LOST.

IN the afternoon of Friday the 13th inst. a RED MOROCCO WALLET, containing fifteen dollars, $10 on the United States Bank, and $5 on the Bank of New-York. The finder, by leaving it at this office, will be rewarded for his trouble.
July 14, 1832.

Cholera Medicines

AS prescribed according to the report of the Edinburgh Medical Board of Health, on the mode of preventing and treating the Cholera—warranted Genuine to be had at 195 Pearl street, where may be had any kind of Cholera medicines, warranted of the best quality.

R. H. ELTON,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 137 DIVISION-ST.
NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

POEM ON INTEMPERANCE.

MR. THOMAS'S Poem on Intemperance, in five cantos, is for sale at the bookstores of H. C. Sleight, Burnett & Smith, D. Appleton, and J. Seymour, New-York, and Bigelow & Worthington, Brooklyn.

Periodical Works.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER,
AND SPORTING MAGAZINE,

PUBLISHED in Baltimore, Md. by J. S. SKINNER, Editor and Proprietor.

To all lovers of field sports the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine ought to be entertaining and instructive, and as the Editor flatters himself useful to the rising generation, in drawing them off from gaming and other vicious amusements—but to all breeders or amateurs of the *horse* it would seem to be indispensable, from the circumstance that they must refer to it for the likeness, history and performances of the most celebrated, and the pedigrees of all thorough-bred horses, as well as for the best instructions on breeding, breaking to the saddle and harness, management in sickness and in health, feeding, training, shoeing, &c. &c.

CONDITIONS.—The Sporting Magazine is published monthly. Each number consists of about 50 pages, embellished with beautiful engravings: price $5 per annum, to be paid in advance, by mail, at the risk of the Editor.

*** Persons procuring six subscribers, and sending the money, will be entitled to one year's subscription gratis—and so in proportion for a larger number.

☞ JOHN H. GOURLIE, at the Post Office, is Agent for the city of New-York.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

A Repository of Polite Literature and the Fine Arts: embellished with splendid Engravings on Steel, Copper, and Wood, and with Popular Music for the Pianoforte, Guitar &c.

G. P. MORRIS, T. S. FAY, N. P. WILLIS, Editors

THE FIRST NUMBER of a *New Year* (Vol. 10.) will be issued on the *seventh day of July next.*

From the commencement of this paper, our humble endeavors have been unceasingly exerted to elevate the character of American Periodical Literature, and we trust we have not been altogether unsuccessful.

Our columns have been, and will continue to be, principally filled with *original* matter.

Besides the writings of the Editors, we are honored with occasional contributions from a list of *nearly two hundred native Authors*, which embraces many of the most distinguished and highly gifted literary men of the land.

In addition to our *Foreign Correspondence*, important sources are open to us for selections.

The flattering and general testimonials of writers, scholars, and cotemporary journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, warrant us in the assertion that there is no work which gives such valuable equivalents for the amount of subscription, or which possess more strong and undeniable claims to the efficient support of the American people.

Its steady and marked improvement, furnishes a satisfactory pledge that its progress, in every department, will continue to keep pace with the increase of its already extensive circulation. We have received the certain and gratifying evidences that it is read and improved by the most intelligent classes throughout the U. States.

ENGRAVINGS.—The Embellishments for the Tenth Volume will be of the most *costly* and *beautiful* kind, consisting of full sized Super-Royal Quarto Plates, executed expressly for the work, by the best Artists. Besides the *Vignette*, there will be four superb Engravings issued during the year, which, if published separately, would alone equal the amount of subscription to the Mirror. As a guarantee for the excellence of this department, it has been placed under the direction of Mr. R. W. Weir.

In addition to the above, there will be published a number of finely executed *Engravings on Wood*, also drawn and engraved for the work, and illustrative of curious and interesting subjects.

MUSIC.—Each number of the ensuing Volume will contain a popular piece of *Music*, arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. At the expiration of the year, these form a valuable collection *of the most choice and rare pieces*, which, although occupying little more than one-sixteenth part of the work, could not be purchased in any other way, except at a cost far greater than that of the entire journal.

LITERARY CONTENTS.—Among a variety of other subjects, the work is devoted to Critical Notices of new publications, the Arts and Sciences, Scientific Intelligence, The Fine Arts—Music, Poetry, and Painting, Original Tales and Essays, Foreign Correspondence—First Impressions of Europe, &c. Legends and Reminiscences of old times in New-York, The Little Genius—satirical, humorous, and pathetic, American Scenery, Biography, Education, Character, Structures on the Drama and other Amusements, Translations from the German, French, and Spanish, occasional selections from late publications, Record of passing events, Original Miscellany, Anecdotes—historical, literary, humorous, etc. Varieties—etc. etc. etc. In short, every thing which can enhance the value of the paper, and render it agreeable, instructive, and interesting.

By the above enumeration, it will be perceived that the plan of the Mirror embraces every subject within the range of the *fine arts* and the *belles-lettres*, and no expense will be spared to render it equal to any other publication extant.

CONDITIONS.—The Mirror is published every Saturday, at the corner of Nassau and Ann streets. It is elegantly printed in the super-royal quarto form, on fine paper, with brevier and nonpareil type. It is embellished, once every three months, with a *splendid super-royal Engraving*, and every week with a popular piece of music, arranged for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. Fifty-two numbers complete a volume of four hundred and sixteen large pages, for which a beautifully *engraved vignette title-page*, (painted by WEIR and engraved by DURAND,) and a copious *index* are furnished. The terms are *four dollars* per annum, payable, in all cases, *in advance*. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of the city of N York. Communications, *post paid*, must be addressed to the Editors. No subscriptions received for a less period than one year.

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AND
WEDNESDAY MORNING
FAMILY MISCELLANY

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PARTHENON
Reading Room and Circulating Library.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object, also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages; as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Bookseller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE.

FOUR VALUABLE WATER PRIVILEGES *for Sale*, within forty miles of the city of New-York, and three and a half from the Hudson river, on the west side, in the town of Haverstraw, in the county of Rockland. The privileges are great and will be sold a bargain. They are on the same stream that Messrs. Phelps and Peck's wire and cotton factories are, and on which they are now building extensive rolling and slitting mills, and but about a mile and a half above—And about a mile above, and on the same stream, on which the late John Glass & Co's Calico Printing establishment stands. The water privileges are great, and will be sold in lots to suit purchasers, with fifty or a hundred acres of the land—or even four hundred acres if wanted, of which the farm consists, of wood, plough, and meadow land in proportion. On it are orchards which abound with various kinds of fruit; and there are three dwelling houses, three barns, sheds, smoke houses, milk houses, a blacksmith's shop, a saw mill and a forge. The stream is a never failing one, and has an abundance of power, and offers advantages which few situations surpass. There are now two dams across the stream on which the gristmill, sawmill and forge now stand.

Also, for sale, a valuable tract of wood land two and a half miles from the above water privileges. All or part of the above property is offered for sale a bargain, and on advantageous terms For further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises. JOHN THIELL.
Haverstraw June 4, 1832.

THE SERAPHINE,
A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY
C. G. CHRISTMAN, 398 PEARL-ST.

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost passible delicacy of diminuendo and crescendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight key'd Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautifull song Green Hills of Tyral, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

Strings, and every article appertaining to the Music business.

BOARDING.

VILLAGE Union Tavern, corner of Greenwich Lane, Christopher-street, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs the public that the Tavern Department of the above house is stocked with the best Wines, Liquors, and Cordials, Beer, Cider, &c.; and the Boarding, which is entirely separate from the Tavern, and conducted by Mrs. Traphagen, will be found equal to any in the City.

Emigrants arriving in this City will find the above place a desirable and pleasant retreat, being out of the noise and bustle, and situated in a most thriving and flourishing neighborhood.

For the convenience of Old Countrymen, a book will be kept for the insertion of the names of those wishing employment; and every exertion will be used on the part of the subscriber in obtaining situations, and rendering such service as applicants may require. Circulars will be sent to every manufacturing town in the United States requesting employers in want of mechanics and others, to address a line, by post, to the subscriber ... a correspondence, which will eventually prove a service ... the emigrant and a benefit to the public at large.

The whole will be conducted gratuitously, and on a plan which will give general satisfaction.

European News-papers thankfully received.

N. B. Job Printing and Sign Painting neatly executed at the above place.

J. NEEDHAM.

VAUXHALL GARDEN.

THIS delightful Garden is now open for the season and brilliantly lighted every fair evening. A first rate band of music will perform from 7 to half past 10. Admittance to non-subscribers one shilling. N. B. The subscription book is now open at the garden. Family season tickets $5. The subscriber would respectfully state, that he has engaged for the season a superior Band, conducted by Mr. Friedheim, late leader of the Eighth Legion National Guards, Paris, who trusts by his exertions this summer to establish in this city the character he enjoyed as a Musician in Paris. Selections of Sacred Music from the most celebrated composers, every Sunday evening in the Saloon. J. HUNT.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 43 William street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors omnifarious. Coffee, Tea, and refreshments to be had at all hours. Wm. HIGG,
25 Nassau St.

TO EMIGRANTS.

FOREIGN and American Agency Office. The above office is open at No. 5 Division street (near Chatham-square,) for the purpose of affording to Foreigners, arriving and resident in the United States, a Daily Register of the names and occupations of all the Passengers arriving from all foreign ports, thereby enabling them to find their relatives and friends, immediately after their arrival; also, will attend to the agency of receiving and forwarding, to or from all foreign port, goods, packages, money, &c.; also, will give to those who wish to emigrate to the Western Country or Upper Canada, a correct statement of the miles to different places, quality of soil, price of Improved or Uncultivated Lands, the cheapest and best way of Emigration.

Persons wishing to send for their friends to any foreign port, will be attended to with despatch.

*** Letters from any part of the Union (post paid) promptly answered, and their purport attended to on accommodating terms.

O. B. TEAL, Agent.

Tableaux Vivans.
Athenæum Rooms, cor. of Broadway and Pine st.

THE exhibition of animated portraits, together with many more optical illusions, will open for the first time to the public on Monday, 16th inst., to continue every clear day, from 11 to 5 o'clock (Sundays excepted.) Entrance in Pine street. Admittance 25 cents. Season tickets 50 cents.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.,
No. 35 WALL STREET,
ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISING.
[illegible]

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1832

FOREIGN SELECTIONS:
From Papers &c. rec'd by the York, Ajax, and Rhone.

By the arrival at this port from Liverpool of the packet ship York, Capt. Bursley, on Friday evening of last week, (after our paper had gone to press,) and of the Ajax, Capt. Horn, on Saturday morning, we have received London dates to the 27th and Liverpool to the 28th inclusive. By the packet Rhone, Capt. Hathaway, from Havre, which also arrived on Saturday, Paris dates to the 24th and Havre to the 25th of June have been received.

As many of our readers will have had the *news* spread before them in the "dailies" before our sheet reaches them, we have confined our selections principally to those matters which come more immediately within the design of our paper, merely giving an *abstract* of the most *important* items of intelligence.

The King of England, while attending the Ascot Heath races, was struck by a stone thrown at him with such force as nearly to knock him down. He staggered back several paces, exclaiming "My God! I am hit!" and at the same instant another stone was thrown, which however did no injury. The King was stunned by the blow, but soon recovered himself and assured his attendants that he had received no serious injury. The stone struck him fair in the forehead, just above the rim of his hat, which probably preserved his life. He was soon so far recovered from the effects of the blow as to present himself at the window to assure the multitude of his safety, and was received with three hearty cheers.

The wretch who threw the stone was apprehended instantly, without attempting either to escape or resist. He stated that he was connected with no one—that he had been a pensioner, and was turned out of Greenwich Hospital, since which he had petitioned the King to have him reinstated in the Hospital, or in some other way provided for, and his petition not having been attended to, he had resolved to be revenged on the King on the first opportunity.

This affair had created a great sensation throughout England, and would doubtless increase the King's popularity. Both houses of Parliament had addressed the King on the subject, expressing their horror and indignation at the assault which had been made upon him.

"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AMERICAN LIFE."—In this new work, just published under the superintendence of Miss Mitford, will be found the following striking stories by the most distinguished writers of the New World—The Politician—Elizabeth Latimer—The Squatter—Pinchon—The Devil's Pulpit—The Binnacle—The Young Backwoodsman—Major Edgerton—An Adventure at Sea—The Green Mountain Boy—Cobus Yerks—The Wag-water—The Azure Hose—The Three Indians—Modern Chivalry—The Isle of Flowers—The Last of the Boatmen, &c.

[American literature must be decidedly popular in England to induce an authoress of the celebrity of Miss Mitford to undertake a compilation of tales and sketches from the fugitive productions of our writers. Those above mentioned have in general met with a favorable reception here, and they are calculated to impart juster notions of our country and its inhabitants than some other professed delineations of our 'domestic manners.' It will be seen that Miss M. has drawn largely upon the writers of our city.]

ANECDOTE OF ONE OF THE FITZJORDANS. One of the Fitzclarences who holds a high rank in the 7th Fusileers, happened to be dining with the mess of that regiment, when the Adjutant, a gentleman who had not acquired that dexterity and precision in the art of carving, which, among other important accomplishments, are possibly essential to complete success in the higher walks of life—was called upon to perform some anatomical ceremony of the table. The deficiency of the non-professor of carving caught the eye of the cultivated and court-bred Colonel, who judged it gentlemanly immediately to display some little indications of contempt for a person so sadly wanting in the grand art of dissection. Some particular instance of failure at last prompted him to say, with a flippancy worthy of the folly of the sentiment, "My *father* says, that he considers excellence in carving to be the criterion of the habits of a gentleman." The insult was not suffered to pass without its reply; for quietly pausing in his labor, and significantly fixing his eye upon the colonel, the unpractised carver proceeded to show that he could speak 'daggers,' if he could not use knives, by coolly inquiring '*And pray sir, what may be your mother's opinion on that head?*'

STRONG WATERS.—Maurice O'Connell had or fancied he had, a touch of the Cholera last week. On the first twinge of the gripes he made a rush into a chemist's shop, and accosted a sleek shopman thus—"What's the strongest thing you have in your shop, Masther?" "The strongest?" replied the matter-of-fact compounder of drugs,—"why aqua fortis." "By Jabers!" then said Maurice, "if it's aqua *fortis* give me hould of a drap of it, for I've got the divil's own pain in my bowls."—[Age.

DARING ROBBERY.—On the occasion of a late splendid fete given by the Duke of Devonshire, (London,) owing to the difficulty of approach, many of the visitants to Devonshire House walked even from Bond-street. Among others, a nobleman handed out his lady, and, whilst his back was turned, a man in the crowd made a rush, dragged from the neck of the lady a diamond necklace, and escaped in the confusion arising from the surprise. The lady, on reaching Devonshire House, fainted away; and she remained in the porter's lodge for some time insensible.—We hear that the necklace was valued at six hundred guineas.

"Medical Institution for *working* People" is inscribed over a Cholera Medicine shop in East Southfield.—*London Age.*

Sir Walter Scott's state leaves no room to hope that he can live many days or even hours. He has nearly lost all consciousness, and cannot recognize the identity of his relatives who are admitted to his room. He has been attended by Dr. Holland and Sir Henry Halford.

STEPHEN PRICE, Esq. the ex-Lessee of Drury-lane, and at present, we understand, the proprietor of the most prosperous theatre in the United States, has "put more money into the purses of English actors by their engagements in America than all the other managers of theatres across the Atlantic put together." Charles Mathews, Kean, Cooke, Wallack, Madam Malibran, Chas. Incledon, and many others, received each of them many thousands by the exercise of their dramatic talents in the New World, and they were all, we believe, engaged by Mr. Price. The late Mr. John Kemble at one time agreed to go to America, and five or six thousand pounds were secured to him for one season, by Mr. Price, but ill health prevented his undertaking the voyage. Immense advantages were often tendered to Mrs. Siddons during her life-time, which, from timidity, as it related to a long passage at sea, that great luminary of the drama rejected.

It is stated in the Globe that Charles Kemble and his daughter Fanny have finally arranged with Price to perform one year in the principal theatres of the United States, for which they will take their departure in July, when they have finished their engagements in Scotland.

It is reported that Wallack has been induced by the lessee of Drury-lane to forego his expedition to the United States, and the more readily since it is now certain that C. Kemble and his daughter are going there, upon a guarantee that they shall receive a large sum.

A letter received by the York states that Wallack has taken passage for this country in the packet ship Sheffield.

The receipt on Mr. Sheridan Knowles's benefit only amounted to about £260, while the performance preceding it brought £410, and that which followed it at least as much.

It is said that the creditors of a great insolvent are to be disappointed at last. The property of the wife, it is now made known, cannot be touched.—*Court Journal.*

[This refers to M. Malibran, who married the celebrated Signorina Garcia, now Madame de Beriot.]

SUMMARY DEALING WITH THE DOCTORS.—The mob at Paisley, by way of giving the Cholera fair play, have sent the doctors to the right about.—Twenty-one have resigned their offices as district surgeons, from the fear of receiving some mark of mob favor. The inhabitants will now have to contend only with the cholera, instead of both the doctors and the cholera.—*Age.*

WARNING TO NAVIGATORS IN TROUBLED WATERS.—A bomb-ketch *Cerus* lately sustained very considerable damage from slapping too much *Spree*. It is hoped that future *Cereses* will keep a sharper look-out ahead.—*Ib.*

THE GOLDEN AGE.—"I have been long before the public, and have now arrived at an age—" said Plunkett. "Yes," whispered Londonderry, "patron-age."—*Ib.*

CITY FASHIONABLES.—The Right Honorable the Lord Mayor of London, on Sunday last, took his tea with Mrs. Snookes, a tripe-maker's widow, in Wapping, who is his Lordship's aunt.—*Ib.*

A jockey in Mullingar fair, who had bargained with a countryman for a horse that happened to have a bald face, observed to the latter, that he *looked pale in the face*; yes, said the countryman and if you had looked through a halter as long as he has done, you would be pale in the face too.

During the French revolution, a convincing trial was made of the effects of imagination. Two convicts were sentenced to die by bleeding. One had his arm thrust through a door—he heard and felt the prick of the lancet, which, however, did not penetrate beyond the skin, but a small stream of water was made to flow on the vein—it felt to the patient as if his blood was flowing—he grew fainter and fainter, and finally died from the influence of imagination.

DR. FRANKLIN AND THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.—When Dr. Franklin was first presented to the Queen of France, it was in company with several other distinguished foreigners, who according to etiquette knelt before her majesty and kissed her hand. When the Doctor's turn came, he walked boldly up, and suddenly putting his arm round her majesty's neck, gave her a hearty smack on the cheek, at the same time exclaiming 'that's the Yankee fashion.' It is said the Queen was highly pleased with the salute, although so different from what she had been accustomed to receive from foreign ministers.

A pedagogue who was fond of hunting was seen by one of his employers in the act of shooting a hawk that had taken its station on a tree near the school house, while the windows of the house were crowded with urchins, earnestly watching the master.—"Ah!" said the farmer, "*you are teaching the young ideas how to shoot!*"

JUDICIOUS TITLE.—Du Bellay addressed the following epigram to a foolish author, who entitled his work "*Nugæ, or Trifles.*"

"Paul I have read your book; and though you write ill, I yet must praise your most judicious title."

A Highland officer on perambulating a camp, observing two of his men lying dead drunk in the rear of the camp, called out,—"Serjeant, whatna twa tamn'd rascals are thae?" "It's Shon MacDonald and Donald's Cameron, Officer." "Puir Donald Cameron! Tak him into his tent, and throw a planket over him for fear he should get cauld; but tak that tamn'd scoundrel Shon MacDonald in the rear guard." The officer's name was Cameron.

It is said that Lord Lyndhurst has frequently since his marriage, declared that he should not object to the *Repeal of the Union.*

FASHION.—In the sixth and seventh centuries, the French sovereigns and the princes of royal blood wore their hair as long as it would grow; but the nobility shortened theirs a little; and the common man was obliged to "move and leave his being" with a shorn occiput. If an individual was to be stripped of his nobility, the first step towards disgrace was to deprive him of his head of hair.